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AMERICA, as we predicted last week, is coming promptly and splendidly to the assistance of the stricken Japanese. In a few short days New York City raised half as much again for the Red Cross as the million dollars that was asked, while other funds brought the city's total to about three millions. The rest of the country is responding as generously. It will all be needed—and more. For, in addition to immediate pressing relief, there will be a long aftermath of disease and destitution which will tax Japan to the uttermost financially and socially. We rejoice in the fine spirit of human solidarity which our country is manifesting. Although not wholly committed to the philosophy of Doctor Pollyanna Pangloss that all is for the best in this best of possible worlds, we do feel that Japan's grim tragedy has pushed aside the menace of war between her people and our own, not so much because it has weakened her resources as because Americans, having stretched out their arms to the Japanese with succor, would find it less easy to reach out with bayonets.

AS a drowning man reaches after straws, we may perhaps find hope in the report that Germany has ordered an end to passive resistance in the Ruhr and is ready to give France such a lien on its industry that the big-business interests of the latter country will compel their government to make terms. In this way impending revolution in Germany may be stayed and the nation permitted, somehow, to totter on. But in the end the price may prove fatally high. Passive resistance was the strongest moral weapon that Germany had. What does she gain by relinquishing it? At most, it seems, the indefinite slavery of her workers to the taskmasters of big business, domestic and foreign.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT recognizes that his settlement of the coal strike is anything but a solution of the problem. He has succeeded in finding a least common denominator that will satisfy the minimum requirements of the union and the operators and will get the men back into the mines. But Governor Pinchot wants to do more than this. He wants to establish some sort of control which will make it possible to increase the wages of miners without increasing the cost of coal to the people. And so he has called upon the governors of the thirty anthracite-using States to investigate the possibilities of price control and then to meet him in conference and decide what to do. All this is laudable and may be useful—but we doubt if it will bring down the price of coal. A profit—even an unduly large profit—is an elusive thing, especially when it is divided among producers and railroads and wholesalers and jobbers and brokers and retail dealers. And when once you have run it down it is extremely difficult to limit or reduce it. Something more than war-time powers of control will be needed to keep prices from going up when wages are increased; the chances are rather that everyone who has a finger in the pie, from producer to retailer, will act as if the whole burden fell on him alone, and the increase will be reckoned by geometric progression. The adjustment of railroad rates by government commission is a simple matter compared with the control of commodity prices. Still it is something to have the facts of profiteering made known, and if Governor Pinchot faces the problem squarely, it is likely to lead him to some radical conclusions.

GRANTING that the report on civil rights issued recently by the United States Coal Commission is inadequate in its recommendations, timid in its conclusions, and far from complete, it is yet in many respects an amazing document. For it admits in a dozen different passages that governmental agencies have broken down in various parts of the mine fields, and that common civil rights do not exist. It is scrupulously impartial in the matter of distributing praise and blame between the union and the operators; but the picture it draws of human conditions in the bituminous coal fields is there for all to see: whole districts belonging physically and politically to a group of absentee owners, districts in which outsiders are treated as trespassers on a private park, in which the population has no more rights than servants in the house of an autocratic master. Says the report: "These groups of villages dot the mountainsides down the river valleys, and need only castles, drawbridges, and donjon-keeps to reproduce to the physical eye a view of feudal days." The story of mine guards and deputy sheriffs paid by the coal company to keep out-

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side organizers out and inside organizers from enlisting their fellows in the union; of leases designed to "close" the mine town against all intruders; of bitterness ready to flame into murder and wholesale riot on both sides—all this is told and properly condemned. The bloody history of Herrin is carefully recounted. An occasional suggestion for improvement is made. And if the report does no more than this, it is because no commission appointed under present conditions is going to recommend the drastic steps that must be taken if coal mining is ever going to become an industry instead of a war.

WHEN Charles E. Hughes talks as a politician he has a lamentable tendency to emit buncombe and bumptiousness; when he talks as a lawyer he has an equal facility for speaking common sense. His start in public life was made as a lawyer in the New York insurance inquiry, and as Governor of that State, in so far as his role was that of a legal mind, it was usually well played. When he left the Supreme Court to stump the country for the Presidency, he descended to outright politics and touched his lowest level. In his career as Secretary of State he appears by turns as blustering politician and clear-minded lawyer. A week ago we attacked his declaration of a super sovereignty in this hemisphere in the name of the Monroe Doctrine; this week we applaud his remarks on war before the Canadian Bar Association in Montreal. Mr. Hughes said:

> There is no path to peace except as the will of peoples may open it. The way to peace is through agreement, not through force. The question then is not of any ambitious general scheme to prevent war, but simply of the constant effort, which is the highest task of statesmanship in relation to every possible cause of strife, to diminish among peoples the disposition to resort to force and to find a just and reasonable basis for accord. It is most desirable that all discussions of international relations should not revolve about questions of policy and expediency, however important these may be, but that along with this necessary discussion there should be the determination to reestablish the law, to quicken the sense of the obligation of states under the law.

The will to peace, in other words; a lofty conception and a practical one. And much would be gained too by the fulfilment of Mr. Hughes's suggestion for the codification of international law. Of itself this would not prevent war, but a uniform and generally accepted statement of these now vague principles would give them far more weight and form a basis for peaceful agreements.

DIRECT action against radicalism or other opinion with which they disagree has recently been attempted in Paris by the five most widely circulated newspapers of conservative tendencies: the *Matin*, the *Petit Journal*, the *Journal*, the *Petit Parisien*, and the *Echo de Paris*. These publications gave newsdealers to understand that if they placed on sale the *Quotidien*, a new daily, they would not be supplied with the issues of any of the five big journals. Assuredly a simple way to suppress unpopular opinion in the press!—what our American police would call an "inside job." But in spite of post-war reaction, France does not seem entirely to have forgotten the tradition of free speech and a fair field which for so many years has been her glory, and there has actually been a demand for the government to intervene and teach the newspapers themselves a lesson in the principles of the freedom of the press. The municipality of St. Etienne has protested against "the tyranny of the consortium of the great Paris journals," while the city of Belfort has prohibited discrimination in the sale of newspapers on the part of the municipally owned kiosks. When in Paris recently H. G. Wells visited the office of the *Quotidien* and expressed his sympathy with and approval of the newspaper.

> Surely there must be some way in which we can speak to the men we fought and make them realize there is a better way of living among nations than continually battling one another. . . . How can we wish to deal with our former enemies if we haven't the moral courage to get together in peace? . . . Maybe there has been no change of heart among our former enemies. Perhaps there never will be unless we are men enough to carry to them our peace message. . . . Hoarding and keeping in our hearts ancient prejudices will not bring the peace we earned by our victory.

THESE are fine and true words and to the credit of Colonel Owsley, who spoke them before the fourth annual congress of the Interallied Federation of Former Combatants in Brussels. They would ring truer if one did not have to remember that a week previously Colonel Owsley assured the French people, upon his acceptance of the insignia of Commander in the Légion d'Honneur, that "the American Legion, representing 4,000,000 or more soldiers . . . stands with and approves the action of France and Belgium [in occupying the Ruhr]." Nor can we agree with him that the military man would improve upon the politician's failure to make peace. Both, like the bully of Italy, have too long had the habit of mouthing silly phrases about "honor" to have a clear conception of man's proper relation to man. And if the British, oppressed by their war legacy of acute unemployment, had not held out, the Interallied Federation of Former Combatants would undoubtedly have unreservedly approved a resolution "indorsing the occupation of the Ruhr as the legal means to obtain reparations under the Versailles Treaty." As it was the French had to be content with the statement "that Germany can pay, with relatively short delay, the amount of reparations agreed upon in common by all the Allies."

A FAMOUS clown died the other day at the age of seventy-nine who had spent sixty-six years in the sawdust ring. In his last hours somebody asked him if he had not wasted his life "just making people laugh." "Well now just making them laugh isn't the easiest thing," answered Al Miaco good naturedly; "but there's a deeper philosophy than that back of the clown." Then he quoted the sentence of Beaumarchais which *Le Figaro* of Paris prints every day at the head of its first page: "Praised by some, blamed by others, ridiculing the fools, defying the wicked, I make haste to laugh at everything—for fear of being obliged to weep." Like Beaumarchais, Al Miaco realized that there is no essential difference between laughter and tears, and he was able to move people as he chose because of perceptions a little more acute than theirs. Amid the follies and futilities which surround us, possibly playing the clown is the only occupation in which a serious man can engage without feeling that he is making a fool of himself.

WITH the withdrawal of the American Relief Administration from Russia and repeated reports of a bumper harvest, kind-hearted Americans have felt that the old earth had one less trouble to worry about. That they

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have turned their thoughts elsewhere too soon is the charge of Henry J. Rosenfelt, national director of the American Jewish Relief Committee, 103 Park Avenue, New York City. He reports that expected contributors have defaulted on their pledges to the amount of $3,000,000 and have almost crippled the work of caring for 1,165,290 homeless children of the Ukraine, made destitute by war, famine, and pestilence. While there is sufficient food in Russia to take care of the whole population, there is a lack of proper distribution of supplies, including medical and sanitary relief. Unless money is immediately forthcoming, winter will bring inescapable death, the committee declares, to tens of thousands of these child wanderers, and the survivors will be virtually savages in the near future. Already they are diseased and brutalized, wandering on the outskirts of the towns, living on what they can grub out of the ground. It is reported that many girls under thirteen years of age, already mothers, are among the number. It is a problem to shock the sensibilities of the world. Surely the people of the United States, so prompt to respond to the needs of any population spectacularly ravaged by the harshness of Nature, cannot be less conscious of their duty to these man-made sufferers—the by-products of war.

THE hand-cuffed, bullet-riddled body of Ben Hart, a Negro farm hand, was picked up on the road near Jacksonville, Florida, shortly after midnight, on August 25. Investigation by the sheriff's office showed that the mob had slain an innocent man who had spent all of Thursday night in a logging camp near Dinsmore, where he worked, and that he could not have been the peeper who looked in a girl's window ten miles away. When an innocent person is thus casually done to death it adds a note of horror to a crime that is black enough when the victim is a convicted criminal. Lynching, as a form of misguided chivalry, has been definitely proscribed by the Women's General Committee of the Commission on Inter-racial Cooperation which met in Asheville, North Carolina, on August 1. The committee said:

> Whereas lynching, at one time practiced only as punishment by the mob for the violation of womanhood, is now resorted to even for robbery, petty crime, or no crime . . . and whereas we are overwhelmed with a deep sense of humiliation that this hideous crime is heralded abroad as the only means available to men for the protection of womanhood, and whereas we likewise suffer because of the seeming impotence of our State governments in the protection of human life and in their inability to find and punish lynchers and members of mobs . . . therefore, be it resolved, that we deplore the failure of State governments to handle this, the most flagrant violation of the Constitution of our great nation; that we definitely set ourselves the task of creating such sentiment . . . that not only sufficient laws shall be enacted . . . but to secure the enforcement of the laws now in existence.

THE politics of Wrangel Island and the motives which sent a band of adventurous ones out to claim it for the British Empire may be considered with mixed emotions, but only the most whole-hearted tribute can be paid to Ada Blackjack, the young Eskimo woman who alone survived out of that unhappy expedition. How she passed through her second winter on a snow-covered mass of rocks with a dying companion to care for, how she taught herself to shoot and set traps, how she was stalked by polar bears and found their tracks outside her tent in the mornings, and how, after the death of the sick man, she lived several months quite alone with her hope of rescue slowly dying, all these make a tale of courage and resource which in fiction would probably be considered too romantic to be credited. To rise in half-light which never grew brighter; to see nothing but ice and snow; to eat nothing but tea, moldy bread, a scrap of dried meat, and seal oil; to live within a hundred yards of the corpse of one's only fellow-being; and finally to feel that rescue was almost impossible—what man would care to risk such an experience; what woman would be expected to survive it? That Ada Blackjack was able to talk coherently of her life during the last few months is the highest measure of her extraordinary fortitude.

THE late William Roscoe Thayer was for years prior to 1918 one of the most valued reviewers of *The Nation*. A past president of the American Historical Association and long editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, his reputation as an historian was based on his remarkable "Life and Times of Cavour," a book which is the best history of the resurrection of modern Italy that has yet been written. The fruit of years of patient labor and research, its worth is universally recognized. Unfortunately none of Mr. Thayer's later works reached the same high level. His "Life and Letters of John Hay" was a partisan record and his latest book, "George Washington," was still less worthy of Mr. Thayer's powers. Curiously enough, this historian was as much stampeded in his judgments during the war as was any of the ninety-three German professors who signed that shameful memorial whitewashing their guilty government. Mr. Thayer was as rabidly and ferociously anti-German as anybody. In how many, many cases on both sides of the ocean the war destroyed the ability of historians and scientists to probe the facts of current history in that spirit of detachment which helped to make Thayer's Cavour one of the great and lasting biographies of our time! With its author disappears a charming personality, one of the few remaining figures to connect Cambridge with its historic literary past.

THE privileges accorded to genius have often been a source of irritation to the less gifted of us. But the case of Papyrus, winner of the English Derby, whose owners are going to bring him to America, can only excite our sympathy and our lively interest. This beautiful and delicate creature, whose nerves are strung as far above his brothers of the plow and coal-wagon as those of a poet above the coal-wagon's driver, is certainly entitled to special consideration. Some of the necessary precautions to insure his well-being in a strange land are easy: his stallmate will be transported with him to continue the controversies on the merits of jockeys and the various makes of bridle which have doubtless waxed furious during their residence together; the cat and kittens which walked boldly under his feet will make a small bundle on shipboard and will add a homely touch to the unfamiliar stable; and surely a Secretary of Agriculture will not be so hard-hearted as to deny a petition to bring in Papyrus's own kind of fodder. What is a possible danger to common animals of infection from foot and mouth disease compared to the risk of derangement in the "in'ards" of a prince? Papyrus should have his own fodder, and if he needs a forest preserve to roam in, or Niagara Falls for his watering trough, *The Nation*, for one, would be unable to say him nay.

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Everybody Saves His Face

GREECE and Italy both accept the proposals of the Council of Ambassadors in connection with the murder of Italian members of the Albanian boundary commission, and the tension in Europe relaxes. Italy is satisfied, Greece is satisfied, the League of Nations is satisfied, everybody is satisfied—except perhaps a few people anxious for the future peace of the world and doubtful how it is to be preserved as long as diplomacy remains the mixture of saving one's face, "passing the buck," and trafficking in national advantage which the Greco-Italian incident again reveals it. For that is the predominant impression left by the event: the futility, the dishonesty, the pettiness of diplomacy, and the precariousness of a world that has to depend on that kind of tactics for international peace. For observe what happened:

Italy's "national honor" is outraged because some Italian subjects are killed on foreign soil. In this particular instance the foreign soil happens to be that of Greece, exhausted with foreign war and internal strife, and having title to some Mediterranean territory which would fit nicely into the dream of Italian imperialists of "Mare Nostrum." So Italy makes some rude and objectionable demands upon Greece. Greece knows she is powerless to defend herself, but "national honor" compels her to refuse some of the terms although she knows it may cost a thousand times more than any of them are worth.

Comes then the League of Nations, intended to settle just such disputes, and wants to intervene. But Mussolini, knowing his demands to be unjust, threatens to pick up his blocks and go home; he won't play. France, which has an illegitimate national interest to defend in the Ruhr, sides with him. The Council of the League of Nations is stumped; it temporizes and passes the case "unofficially" to the Council of Ambassadors, a super-legal body, representing only the Allied Powers of the World War.

Meanwhile Mussolini has been visited with the condemnation of pretty much the whole civilized world for his bombardment of Corfu, in which, according to the Near East Relief, sixteen Armenian child refugees were slaughtered. He hesitates and seeks to withdraw if he can save his face. The Council of Ambassadors offers the opportunity. He accepts terms no better than he could have had directly from Greece in the beginning had he been looking for a settlement instead of spoiling for a fight. Greece had refused only three of his seven demands: Italian participation in the inquiry into the murders, the death penalty for the criminals, and an indemnity of 50,000,000 lire within five days. The Council of Ambassadors grants not one of these demands. It provides instead for an inquiry by Allied officials, "exemplary punishment" for the criminals, and merely a deposit of 50,000,000 lire, the actual indemnity to be fixed by the inquiry. (Incidentally no indemnity, no salutes of flags, no salvos of guns, no funeral pomp is provided for the children slain by the ruthless attack upon Corfu. That was not committed by individuals but by a government, and so is not murder but a legitimate gesture in the name of "national honor.")

The League of Nations emerges from the fray a little the worse for wear but still intact. There was a moment when it seemed as if Lord Robert Cecil, supported by the representatives of most of the smaller countries, would compel the League to justify its existence or perish in the attempt. But in the end the selfishness of diplomacy triumphed. The League found a better formula even than

> He who fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day.

It decided that he who runs away without fighting may get another run for his money. The League goes on, but it is evident that it can be flouted at will.

So much for the diplomacy of the Greco-Italian dispute. But there is a sidelight which reveals even more clearly the trickery and tawdriness of the whole business. About the time that the tension between Italy and Greece was at its height reports emanated from Belgrade that the Jugoslav Government was not disposed to ratify the agreement that its representatives in a mixed commission had accepted in regard to Fiume. Obviously it was the old game. Jugoslavia saw Italy embarrassed with a big adventure and thought the moment propitious to increase her demands. Could one ask for any better commentary on the whole scheme of diplomacy as we know it? It is nothing more than a system of international hold-up or blackmail. Justice does not enter into the adjustment of most questions. It is a problem of finding the weakest spot in your opponent's policy, or an awkward moment in his affairs, and using your knowledge as a bludgeon or a trading-point. But to preserve the system it is necessary that each nation save its face (however dirty), miscalling it "national honor."

And that's what's become of the Greco-Italian dispute. Italy saves its face, Greece saves its face, the League of Nations saves its face—and the old diplomacy goes on.

The Trolley's Battle for Life

THE great strike which has tied up all the trolley cars in northern New Jersey since August 1 has far greater significance than the ordinary struggle for higher wages. What is chiefly involved is whether the New Jersey trolleys shall have competition or not. The great Public Service Corporation, which has for years exercised so malign an influence upon the political life of the State, has made no effort to run cars. Suspending all its service, it attempted to sit back and wait until the motormen and conductors and the officials of the various municipalities came to it hat in hand. That being impossible, the company made a peace offering, which let the cat out of the bag. It proffered higher wages and a lower fare, seven cents, if it were authorized to buy out all jitney buses running on the same streets as the trolleys at a fair valuation to be fixed by arbitration. In other words, it proposed to do away with all competition, and it was able to quote on its side the opinions of three judges who have upheld local authorities in refusing to permit competition with public service corporations by other agencies on the general ground that where the traffic will not support two competitors, but only impoverish both, it is to the public interest that one of these agencies be allowed a monopoly.

To the company's offer a suffering public has returned an emphatic No. A referendum in Elizabeth showed that a trifling per cent of the voters favored the abolition of jitney competition. The Mayor of Jersey City was firm in his opposition; so at this writing the deadlock continues; the battle between jitney-bus and trolley-car goes on. The company insists that it cannot live if the jitneys are per-

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mitted to ply, and refuses to attempt to run cars; the Governor of the State threatens to revoke its charter. It is able to sit back because it has other lines of business such as the supplying of light and power, which give it a profitable revenue. But the truth is that the public often prefers the jitneys. They do not ride as smoothly over rough city streets, but they are speedier and more flexible. The jitney has, moreover, always been a one-employee affair, while it is only recently that the one-employee trolley has made its appearance in the larger cities—there are now some to be seen at night in New York City itself. So jitneys have flourished in New Jersey, great sums have been invested in them, and those that have been well managed have made considerable money when the trolleys were losing.

Autobus or trolley—which is to survive? The war played havoc with trolley companies the country over. In New York City they have had to live on a five-cent fare, with the result that the metropolis has possibly the shabbiest, dirtiest, and most neglected trolley cars on this side of the ocean. In rural communities many companies have succumbed. From New London, Connecticut, to the West there are miles and miles of abandoned rails, trolley poles, and wires; the stockholders have lost their entire investment. A company which a few years ago was operating a successful line in the Berkshires has also abandoned its tracks. High costs for labor and materials and the enormous development of the private automobile, as well as the rise of the jitney, have all contributed to the present plight of the trolley.

There has been a tremendous battle raging in New York for a couple of years over Mayor Hylan's effort to run city autobuses, and there has been a great deal of talk about the necessity of building more subways, but nobody to our knowledge has as much as suggested the laying of more rails for additional trolleys. Higher taxes have, of course, added to the difficulties of the trolley companies, and the several cities have made increasingly great demands upon the companies for paving, etc. It is their complaint that the jitneys are not correspondingly taxed, although they are without the huge overhead and maintenance expenditures inseparable from the conduct of a trolley company.

Whatever the facts as to this, the quiet way in which the northern New Jersey public has accepted the enormous inconvenience due to the cessation of the trolleys proves that their sympathies are largely with the jitneys. That makes more pressing the question whether the trolleys can live much longer, even under favorable circumstances. At any rate, the bus has been raised from the dead by the gasoline engine. There was a day when ark-like, high buses on huge wheels rumbled up and down New York City streets with straw on the floor in winter to keep the passengers' feet warm. You poked a nickel at the driver through a little hole in the roof, or dropped it in a box. When those relics of horse transportation went their way nobody dreamed that automotive power would revive them, or rather provide their bus successors. In Connecticut some public service corporations have themselves wisely gone into the motor-bus field; most of the trolley lines have allowed the jitneys to steal a march upon them, precisely as the steam railroads were indifferent to the rise of the paralleling trolleys until the latter had done the railroads irreparable harm, when some of them, like the New Haven, bought up all they could at fancy prices—with disastrous results.

A New Program for Women

IT is not what men do *to* women, but what they do *for* them, that keeps women in a state of rebellious subordination. We have long believed that instead of fighting to abolish men's privileges, our militant feminists should fight to abolish their own. And it would be no easy fight, either, for men get more satisfaction out of the sensations of protection than they do out of almost any other form of self-indulgence, and take more pleasure in woman's dependence than in their own independence. If they want really to go to the root of the problem of inequality, the women's organizations of the country should forget matters of mere political importance and draw up a program something like this:

1. No man shall be allowed to give up his seat for a woman unless in like circumstances of age or infirmity he would give it up for a man.

2. With the same proviso, no man shall be allowed to assist women from public conveyances, shove them in at table, rise when they enter rooms, tip his hat, comment on women's personal appearance, or show off.

3. With the same proviso, no man shall be allowed physically to defend, protect, or sustain any woman or resent insults for her or prevent her from fighting her own battles.

4. Absolute equality shall prevail in the matter of paying for (a) carfares and taxi-fares, (b) meals, (c) tickets for amusements, including movies, merry-go-rounds, trips to Europe, etc.

5. No man shall be allowed to support any woman unless she is ill or encumbered with a small infant, and then only until some adequate system of sick and maternity insurance be established.

The program can be almost indefinitely expanded, and should be—down to the most minute details of masculine gallantry and benevolence. We cannot ourselves undertake this task; instead we commend it to the imagination of our feminist readers. But they, and all women who support our program, must understand that the loss of their privileges carries with it the solemn duty of getting on without them. This will probably be easier than most men imagine. In fact, it is hardly more than a delicate humoring of men's passion for protection that makes women appear timid in the face of danger, unwilling to assume the burden of self-support, and innocent of the art of dismounting from street cars, or finding their way about the city, or checking trunks and buying railway tickets. Left to themselves, women may be seen on all sides performing these acts as a matter of course. As soon as they develop sufficient ruthlessness to perform them with similar equanimity in the company of men, letting masculine vanity shrivel and droop as it will, the emancipation of women will have arrived.

One of the first privileges that women must shed is their monopoly of alimony. A Los Angeles judge has taken the proper view of this matter in a recent decision, ordering a married woman to pay her husband $5 a week alimony. The woman was able-bodied and earning a living, the man ill and unable to work. If the time ever comes when judges award alimony solely on these grounds—for both sexes—women may be said to have been lifted out of the humiliating bed of roses on which at present they too complacently repose.

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Remaking the Constitution

NO observer of political currents can have failed to notice the revolutionary change that has developed within a decade in the popular attitude toward amending the Federal Constitution. In the early years of this century a feeling had crystallized that no further changes were possible in our organic law. The last of the amendments growing out of the Civil War was adopted in 1870, and a generation thereafter a belief had become general that the Constitution had attained its final and irrevocable form—a belief expressed both by conservatives, who exulted in the stability that this promised to existing institutions, and by progressives, who viewed almost with despair the wall that it raised across the road of political evolution.

Then, quietly, the income-tax amendment was put before the country, and after an interval of almost four years—with no great discussion or propaganda—it was announced, to the surprise of many persons, that the necessary vote of the legislatures of three-fourths of the States had been obtained and the measure was part of our fundamental law. The amendment providing for the election of United States Senators by direct popular vote followed soon after, but it was not until the submission of the prohibition and the woman-suffrage amendments that keen public interest developed or the people came to look upon that kind of legislation as a normal part of their political machinery. Since those proposals, the effort to amend the Constitution has become almost as much a national pastime as baseball or the movies. The last Congress had before it 109 measures to alter the Constitution, more than have been considered by any previous Congress except the Thirty-sixth, which was flooded with proposals intended to avert the Civil War.

This sudden passion to remake our organic law has excited apprehension in some quarters, but the fear is not shared by the legal profession if its attitude is adequately expressed by our former Ambassador to Great Britain, John W. Davis, who in his recent presidential address to the American Bar Association voiced the opinion that to improve and adapt the Constitution was part of the effort to defend and preserve it. Mr. Davis added an observation which we think is the nub of the whole controversy:

> In the making and amending of constitutions, however, it is the people who are entitled to be heard; and it is within reason to demand that in future the ratification of amendments shall be submitted directly to the people of the several States or to legislatures selected after and not before the amendment has been proposed.

The importance of this suggestion cannot be too strongly emphasized. Mr. Davis was referring to the apparently little known fact that the Constitution provides for two methods of submitting proposed amendments for ratification, as follows:

> The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, *or by conventions in three-fourths thereof* [the italics are ours], as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress.

Obviously consideration of proposed amendments by State legislatures is indirect and undemocratic, whereas a convention specially elected for that purpose and no other would constitute a direct popular referendum on the question at issue. In the past, however, the second method has never been selected by Congress. Nor did it matter much until recently. Of all the amendments previous to those on prohibition and woman suffrage it may be said that they had been virtually ratified by public opinion before they were submitted to the State legislatures. Certainly it is true that the principles of the income tax and direct popular election of United States Senators had passed into accepted political philosophy before the amendments to establish them were even proposed by Congress. Therefore the simplest and most economical method of ratification, that by State legislatures, was the best.

It was otherwise with prohibition and woman suffrage. Both were highly controversial questions, still in the crucible of public debate, and no one could say with assurance how a majority of the people felt toward them. Both amendments ought to have gone before specially elected popular conventions in the several States, and it will remain a standing criticism of the democracy of the sponsors of these proposals that they declined this test, insisting upon what they regarded as the (for themselves) safer and easier route of the State legislatures. Whatever the opinion in regard to woman suffrage at the time the amendment was adopted, it seems safe to say that by now, at least, the Nineteenth Amendment has obtained popular approval. As much cannot be said of the Eighteenth Amendment, and one of the greatest obstacles to its practical enforcement is the widespread suspicion (whether founded or not) that prohibition is a minority measure foisted upon the majority during the preoccupation of the war.

Of course it may be objected that even amendment of the Constitution through specially elected conventions does not insure a decision by a majority of the people of the country as a whole, since each State has an equal voice in ratification, regardless of its population. This is a fair criticism, and it has attained enhanced importance in recent times because the variation in the populations of the various States has increased rather than diminished since the Constitution was adopted. Ten of our industrial States contain nearly half of the country's entire population, and it is certainly undemocratic that Nevada, with 77,407 persons, and Wyoming, with 194,402, should have the same influence in amending or preserving our organic law as New York and Pennsylvania, with their ten and eight million inhabitants, respectively. Yet the provision which makes this possible is part of the original idea of our government, which intentionally established a large measure of State sovereignty and aimed to protect minorities against hasty and aggressive action by majority groups. To change this method of amending the Constitution would of itself require an amendment and is probably not on the immediate horizon.

The immediately important issue is that in submitting future amendments of a controversial sort Congress shall be influenced to do it by the democratic method of specially elected conventions. If our Constitution is to be remade, bit by bit, to suit changing ideas, it is essential that we choose a technique which will leave the people with a conviction that the verdicts arrived at are their own.

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The Lost Japan*

By EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL

I STOOD on a lonely peak on the downward side of the world. Wind whistled across the steep mountainside. Everywhere outspread, as far as the eye was sovereign, the mighty system of Nikko-zan. Heights and valleys; levels which seemed rolling into a very eternity; incessantly the sound of plunging water. There were white falls. I could see them, though they were a long distance off. I could follow the winding of the slender Daiya-gawa, adventuring far to the eastward. And there was the avenue of the cryptomerias, curving and twining across the world like a mere serpentine pencil line into the haze of the far-away.

The sun threw prodigious shadows over the valley below. They moved with majesty, yet relentlessly, too, like great slow tidal waves, drowning all they immersed. It seemed as though I stood at the very crux of the universe.

Tablelands, valleys, rivers, ridges, trees, and waterfalls—all that a circle-wise sweep of the eye could comprehend—merged with the incorporate, and were given tongue for the time. Yet beyond everything, a stillness which was like Greek carving in marble: more golden than life, profounder than life, and which might not be destroyed by even an Imperial Shogun.

Volcanoes die out slowly. Extinction, even when it comes, is only so-called. Zones of earthquake, eruption, sulphur, thunder, and squawl are zones with endless tales to tell. Tales out of the very center of the earth. Tales, freezing the blood, with nervous beginnings and abrupt terminations. Whispers which sometimes break off as though swift death were dealt. Warnings which may mean nothing. Assurances of protection and peace which may be dread harbingers of disaster. It seems, mysteriously, forever and ever, in regions with an interior turmoil that an essence out of earth rises up and colors the very soul of the man who dwells there.

Conflagrations

[*Disastrous fires in Japan have been, of course, frequent: congestion, and the peculiar flimsy construction of the houses, invite a rapid spread of flame. Acres may be swept clean in an hour. Tokio and Yokohama have not hitherto been visited by a tragedy comparable to the present. Nevertheless, it is a safe assumption that the same spirit of courage touched upon in this account of a previous conflagration will carry Japan through the most terrible hour of her national life.*]

They filled the night with their crimson alarm, and, ere the dawn, had swept acres and acres from a snug and prosperous habitability into dreary, smoking stretches of charred ruin.

So persistent were the visitations of fire that they became a subject for general comment. The newspapers took up the matter. Nearly everyone had something or other to advance—especially the Barbarians. Yet in the face of it all, the Japanese remained perfectly calm and inscrutable.

Perhaps the philosophy liberated by these strenuous occasions partook rather largely of a sense of helplessness; and one may suppose, if one will, that the relative ease with which the Japanese house is negotiated has a little to do with such stoic and even cheerful resignation. It is true, Gentaro need not find himself long roofless. If his dwelling stood within the radius of the disaster zone the fact is of course to be deplored. But it is scarcely a fact to lose very many winks of sleep over; besides, a visitation of the Kami must quite meekly be put up with. In a word, the thing cannot be helped.

No time at all, and Gentaro has a fine new house. All Gentaro's neighbors have fine new houses also. Which leads one directly to speculation concerning the difference between the house of Gentaro and the house of John Smith. It stacks stone over against paper, poises against each other walls of sturdy brick and walls of flimsy plaster. It bids you make your choice between stout timbers and wafer-thin lath. And yet, it becomes a question whether, purely as a business proposition, Gentaro's investment is not sounder than Smith's.

Gentaro builds him a house. It does not, naturally, cost very much. If it burns down (which it probably will, sooner or later) a little scrimping, and possibly a wee bit of mortgage, will evolve a new one quite as good.

But now, Smith. He builds a house and it burns down. The loss is, to put it conservatively, a lot heavier. It will cost correspondingly more to rebuild. Probably Smith has some insurance. Possibly not as much, after the catastrophe, as he could desire. Then there is the personal equation.

When Smith's house burns, most of the family traditions, to say nothing of chairs, tables, sofas, bric-a-brac, and miscellaneous impedimenta, all go up in smoke. And there is a limit to the assuaging force of an even adequate insurance. Smith can hardly restore Junior's framed diploma from the eighth grade or his wife's wedding gown, with its real lace and wistful little sprig of artificial orange bloom, packed carefully away in the attic.

With Gentaro, however, the case is rather different. His house, one must note, is not cluttered with family albums and a prodigality of furnishing. It is simply four walls and some mats. The charm of his house is its emptiness. A Japanese would live in one of our houses only under an extreme compulsion. His eye delights in free space. And, one sees, a new free space easily assumes the prerogative of the free space that has gone up in smoke. Still, there is the dais in the parlor, which must not be overlooked, with its porcelain vase of flowers, its august kakemono full of pictures and script. Yes, even Gentaro is entitled to feel a pang or two.

It was on Friday. The papers were full of fire stories. Three fresh conflagrations overnight had broken out in Tokio alone. Whatever the agency, it was too late to mend matters now. There lay those great smoking plains of ruin, all that was left of four hundred houses in the town's lower quarter. I paid them a visit at noon.

There was no excitement now. The crowd was good-humored. Those who had duties to perform went cheerfully about them, while those who had none chatted about

* These sketches, written by Mr. Jewell on a recent visit to Japan, describe a lost country. Except for region described in the introductory paragraphs, every section mentioned has been desolated by earthquakes and tidal waves, or by fire.

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the new disaster and did not seem to get in the way. Men and women plied tirelessly by with buckets. The buckets were full of still smoking debris—or they were empty, on their way back, as the case might be. Where the buckets were being emptied, I don't know. There was an air of mystery about it all. It looked as though this were the way conflagrations were handled in the Empire—carried out rather than put out.

But there was an infinitely greater marvel than this: something that marked the climax of the entire drama of fire. It was noon. The flames had died out about dawn. Yet already, entirely and securely and trimly hemming in the burned zone, were new board fences, expertly erected—even, it would seem, with a real eye to permanence. But the fences were not all. To have sprung there in so brief an hour might seem an adequate triumph. But that already the fences were densely covered with advertisements made a very profound impression upon me. There was but one decent conclusion to reach. The Nipponese are wonderful!.

If, as I came to look more minutely into that vast and largely inscrutable system for which the advertisements stood façade-like, I was to find what seemed flaws and to glimpse ineptitudes the West would hardly be guilty of, these would be, after all, but minor collapses. It was the fences, with their vigorous propaganda sprung since the dawn, which struck the true note of a new Japan.

YOSHIWARA

[*This famous and almost unbelievably elaborate segregated district, although far removed from the center of Tokio, appears to have been completely demolished. The Yoshiwara housed thousands of state-licensed shogi, or prostitutes. It was their only home and for the most part they were locked into the houses.*]

Like ancient Babylon, I fancied, with its wide, uniform streets and its ornate houses all agleam with lights—a complete little city in itself. There was a spirit abroad in the place which, reflected in the faces of the bright houses as well as their inhabitants, seemed somehow to stir in one a sense of antique voluptuousness.

A place of gaiety and most unbelievable glitter. So huge, so unreal—almost uncanny. The houses were like palaces; three stories, for the most part, and riotously rococo in design and decoration.

Of the traffic or business of the place one was given a glimpse even as one wandered, full of amazement, through the endless glowing streets. It is a traffic or business in souls. You see them on display, all decked in their gayest finery, behind iron bars as you pass. The ground floor is a vast show window. The wares are all there, and one may pick and choose. There is the stock in trade of each brothel-keeper, in a community where every house is a brothel. Like the preliminary performance in front of circus side-shows, the view is altogether gratis. You may gaze to your heart's content. Perhaps your heart will be clutched with pity a little.

Snug in their possession of an official license, all these *shogi* have to do, while yet the night is young, is sit in a half circle and look pretty. Yes, they are genuine articles—quite bona fide *shogi*. Yes, they are entitled to look down with a lofty and righteous scorn upon their gipsy *jigoku* sisters—sisters who have no license.

Each house has a lobby. The manager sits there, like a still, sleek spider. He is ready for you. His goods are at your disposal. All you must do is hand him over your purse. You pay, just as though you were buying theater tickets at the box office.

How much? Oh, I don't just remember. But souls come cheap in a brothel.

She slid back a bit of paper partition, and, with a modest little flourish, bade me enter. Then she made me a tiny courtesy and said: "Chairi-nasai."

Her room was square and rather spacious; I did not count how many mats each way. It was divided in the middle, not by a wall, but by a step running the whole width of the floor. The raised part was where one spread down one's rugs to sleep. There was a wee balcony. From it you looked straight down into the animated street. Near at hand, in the lower end of the room, she had her little parlor and kitchen—heart-breaking affairs, both of them. At one side was a stove, and above this, ranged on little shelves, were the things she used in making tea and serving *saké*. Beside the stove was a doll's table upon which dainties were spread. There were cushions, quite large and soft. She knelt on one; I, opposite, on the other. The table was between us. And the kettle began to sing.

To reach her I had first mounted a smooth polished stair, and drunk tea in a reception parlor while she was apprised of my approach. The tea was poured by quaint old ladies. Perhaps, in their day of suppleness and beauty, they were *yujo* too. In the words of Peer Gynt, "time, you know, brings with it many a change" . . .

Poor little *deichu no hasu*—poor little lotus-in-the-mud! I was a Barbarian; but she had no say in the matter. Her ways were charming and naive. We sipped our tea and talked a little, and she urged sweetmeats upon me. I offered her one of my cigarettes, and we smoked together, she pausing long enough in her dainty *ménage de cuisine* to accept a light and flash her fine teeth in a smile of thanks.

I could not say that my little lotus-in-the-mud was exactly a beauty. It is written that the face of a *shogi* must be white as the snows on Futa-ara-Yama. Her eyebrows were very black and her lips were very red. The effect was, upon the whole, a little ghastly. Presently, when she had smoked her cigarette, she took out a tiny pipe from one of the sleeves of her exquisite kimono and began on that.

There were shelves in the parlor as well as in the kitchen. On them she kept her treasures: little fuzzy dogs and pitiful dollies, small fans, diminutive trifles such as children anywhere delight in. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. What were these—relics of a happier time when she had played lightheartedly with other children, never dreaming she would one day carry her toys into such a place as this? Did she still pause to play with them sometimes? A wistful life hers must be, the life of this naive *shogi* in the Yoshiwara. . . .

We shook hands across the tiny table. The Barbarian humble—almost a bit reverent.

"Good-night, Little Waterfall! Good-night, White Brightness!"

"Mata-irassahai," she murmured. "Please come again."

Outside the stars were shining brightly. The streets were quiet and nearly deserted. From a few casements came the sound of laughter and the strumming of the *samisen*. Lights shone down through a hundred paper panes.

And I passed by the Willow of Welcome in silence.

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Sagami Bay

[*It has been reported that the coast of Japan, in the vicinity of Yokohama, suffered not alone from earthquake and fire, but also from the inevitable tidal wave. Sagami Bay, Kamahura's resort, is probably today unrecognizable —if, indeed, it has not been altogether swallowed up by the ocean. To the eastward lay Enoshima, popularly known as the "picture island," reported to have disappeared.*]

From the protection of a compartment nearly empty, and with rice fields skipping by outside the car window, we watched a sudden downpour of rain. It did not last a great while—only so far as Hodogaya. And then the sun shone, and the rain ceased falling; though the day thereafter was only so-so. It grew hazy and gray. But these qualities in the atmosphere tend to enhance the Japanese picture.

Rice fields. Ever rice fields, with the day growing more and more gray and wistful. All about me the dream of foreign life was deepening. Kamakura at last, and to the Kaihin-in for tiffin. It is claimed for this hostelry that it "is second to none among country hotels of Japan." Of course W. Aoyama, the manager, may be a little inclined to extravagance. Still, the Kaihin-in is undeniably very nice, with its wide, free halls and its general air of spaciousness. Externally its architecture prompted some debate. There was certainly something Elizabethan about it (and fancy anything Elizabethan in Japan!). Yet the effect was subtly turned askew by the introduction of ungraspable Japanese notes.

Through to the coast of Sagami Bay the journey was short and in the sand. It was like a bit of seashore anywhere; and, so thoroughly had the idea taken hold of me that Japan was diminutive—a place of exquisite miniature —that I was wholly unprepared for the bold sweep of coast, with promontories spreading giant arms into the sea, and seeming, just at the first, with their rugged contours, scarcely more within the legitimate picture than the sturdy Elizabethanism of the tavern where we had just eaten.

I stood in the sand. I looked off westward toward the cliffs of Hayama, where the Crown Prince has a villa; eastward toward Inamuragasaki, and the far little island of Enoshima. The sense of miniature left me, never to return in quite its former integrity. After all, here was no geography to be stuffed into your pocket. And the wash of little waves at my feet had back of it all the terrific power of the Pacific, however feebly it might croon and whisper this wan spring afternoon.

Enoshima would be picturesque, only it is too exquisite for so broad an adjective. Steep streets and winding, up and up, with tiny lighted shops brim full of strange and pretty things. It is a little human dream on the edge of a murmuring sea. The place, so foreign and so queer and so boundlessly alluring, seemed stretching shy arms out toward me, smiling a welcome from each corner, through every cordial lighted pane.

A final picture before I turned reluctant steps back down the steep main street. A poor, tiny interior, the principal room in a meager dwelling. I saw a little table spread with tiny pots and dishes. The table was barely a foot high. Its surface was a mere matter of inches. On the floor were mats, and the dais boasted a vase with one drooping flower. So strange, so unintelligible. So lovely in its strangeness. Here was an art in frugality! But lo, the note of sly progress and invasion: over the table blazing in still white glory, an electric light!

I can see the great full disk of the early spring moon, rising up over Nippon. In the west still a wisp of wan yellow sunset. Through the green-tinted sky the moon rises, still lingering, still more yellow than white. The moon tonight is very Japanese. My thoughts stay behind with the friendly people of the little dream city. It is what I see when I turn and peer back over my shoulder that makes the moon Japanese tonight: an island, steep, with rough little streets and quaint houses, with its stalls of curious shells and toys, all agleam with sparkling lights. Some of the houses have occupants visible inside—cheerful silhouettes against the paper panes. And away and away, all up and down the shimmering mainland on the beach the moon silvers the sand and catches into starry points the scattered relics of the sea.

Buddha at Kamakura

[*There have been news rumors to the effect that not even the gods of Japan were spared by earthquake and fire. At this moment it is impossible for us to know the fate of perhaps the most celebrated religious figure in the Orient. However, since this Buddha is molded in solid bronze of prodigious thickness and weight, it is probable that he still sits there, majestic and unmoved, dominating a plain of utter desolation.*]

Once it was a capital, when the Shogunate was young; but now how starved and shrunken a place is Kamakura! I rode through miles of streets in my 'rikisha. They were lined with wretched houses. They were full of scurrying, rough-clad children. And never was I more impressed with the hopeless impermanence of Japanese architecture. Of a once magnificent city there remains now nothing beyond a network of shabby lanes or byways, rather littered than lined with flimsy shacks of paper, light wood, and straw.

And yet—there were temples. And there was the great Daibutsu.

I came upon the superb seated figure from a considerable distance of avenue. Impervious Buddha, molded in the thirteenth century; colossal, silent; symbolizing a cult and expressing a cold scorn of the little squat fishing village of new paper houses. The burdened lids of bronze are never lifted. The free-chiseled nostrils are dilate, as though frozen in the act of breathing a more imperious air. The mouth is curved with eloquence; but the full lips never part. There is a vast repose in the figure. The lofty shoulders are rounded into a trance of deep, perpetual slumber. And yet—a repose such as we know not, evinced by the mystic pose of the hands, the thumbs touching, the fingers curled with a uniformity unattainable in mere flesh and blood.

When Perry stormed the harbor the great bronze Buddha did not stir. Not the lusty political and social and industrial awakening of the nation has sufficed anywise to intrude upon the enormous peace and dreamy sanctity of the Buddha at Kamakura. Not the Russian wars nor the Chinese wars, nor yet the war of wars could win the faintest murmur of response from those lips carved speechless.

If some day those great gold eyes should open—what then? And if those lips should be freed, what would the Buddha say? Would he, too, observe the terrible impermanence of all things Japanese? And would he mind the little kimono-clad urchins tumbling about with ragged familiarity upon the very steps of his altar?

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These United States—XXXVIII*

MONTANA: Land of the Copper Collar

By ARTHUR FISHER

SIX months is the longest one may live in Montana without making the decision whether one is "for the Company" or "against the Company." Even some members of that ever-growing stream of automobile pilgrims which enters our hot sage-brush plains from North Dakota's prairies and threads its way westward through the irrigated valley of the Yellowstone are frequently to be found enlisted in one camp or the other before they have zigzagged down from some pass over the Rockies and crept along a narrow ledge above a roaring stream through the canyon into Idaho. The all-pervading and unrelenting nature of the struggle admits of no neutrals. Since the territory's admission to statehood in 1889 the struggle has continued. On the one hand, firmly intrenched, stand the ramifying and interlinked corporate interests centering in the copper industry, now under the leadership of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. On the other stands the rest of the population which feels it has no stake in the Company's prosperity but suffers from the Company's exploitation of every natural resource and profitable privilege, its avoidance of taxation, and its dominance of the political and educational life of the State. The latter side has the largest potential manpower, although the forces of the Company, including all officers, henchmen, agents, sub-agents, employees who feel their livelihood is dependent upon their public attitude, unaffiliated business interests who sell to the Company and its subsidiaries or who must secure banking credits, and professional men to whom business can be thrown and who desire to rise in the social world—all these total a considerable number. But the opposition is only partially united by farmer and labor organizations led by intermittent crusaders for the democratic idea, frequently by men not entirely devoid of personal political ambition, although even for these the risks and the sacrifices are by no means small. But the Company is led by a single united command of professional soldiers designated in Montana by the term "on the pay roll." The local field office in Butte is popularly known as "The Fourth Floor of the Hennesey Building"—awe-inspiring title. Of the general headquarters back of the lines, ultimate source of all authority, Montanans are never reminded by the local press except when a short news item announces that the private car of Mr. John D. Ryan or Mr. Con Kelly arrived on the Missoula or Great Falls or Butte siding last night—from New York City.

This important event usually occurs just prior to the breaking out of one of the big engagements, the biennial election, when the heavy guns are brought up and the very heavens are torn by the thunder of the campaign artillery and illumined by the fireworks of the press. Money is poured out like water; and men fall by the hundred before the temptations of the bribe-giver or the promise of future preferment, and the fear of the consequences if they do not yield. Frequently the atmosphere is charged to such a point that neighbor hardly dares speak to neighbor, and entire communities are rent in two by passion and fear.

Between the major campaigns ceaseless guerrilla warfare is waged, now and then breaking out in the form of a labor battle in the mining camps, the ambushing of a teacher in the State University, or the shooting in the back of some small business man who talked too independently. In addition a continuous flood of propaganda is poured out by the Company press, which includes nearly every daily paper and most of the weeklies, to maintain morale and win new recruits. Every newcomer to the State is approached through suggestion and advice, through business pressure and social temptation, until the day when he expresses some sentiment which henceforth throws him definitely into one camp or the other. Thereafter he is fair game for the side which he has slighted. And there are no closed seasons. The struggle of the Company to maintain its rule and its privileges against the people's attempts to subject it to democratic control is an economic and political conflict in which the entire social development of the State is inextricably interwoven. But the conflict is more than that. It is the leading sporting event in Montana life.

What the Harvard-Yale game is to intercollegiate football, what the Davis Cup matches are to international tennis, what the Grand National is to the English racing world, the World's Series to baseball, the Mardi Gras to New Orleans, or the Rose Festival to Portland, what a good county court-house trial used to be before the days of the movie, all this and more the battles with the Company are to Montana. They form Montana's epic; an epic told through ten thousand newspaper editorials, ten thousand stump speeches, ten thousand unwritten anecdotes. The universal topic of conversation, it serves as a common interest to unite the people of the State even as at the same time it separates them into two warring camps.

Just now the key to every major operation in the conflict is a short clause in the State constitution, adopted when Montana entered the Union with the purpose of encouraging the mining industry to develop the State, and remaining unchanged since then. This clause provides that mineral lands shall not be assessed for purposes of taxation at a higher value than the price at which the lands were acquired from the Federal Government. As in no case did this amount exceed $5 an acre, and as today many of these holdings in "the richest hill in the world," as Butte proudly boasts, are worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars, it is not difficult to understand why the Company considers expenditure of unmeasured sums for the purpose of winning an election or for "publicity and education" justified by the strictest business considerations.

Just at present the severe agricultural depression through which the State is passing has brought all tax issues to the front and has united the forces demanding a revision of the constitutional provision, so that the Company has succeeded in blocking reform only by the narrowest of margins. Prosperity may disunite the people before the change is effected. But some day, perhaps in five years, perhaps in twenty, this peculiarly crude and obviously discriminatory constitutional privilege is certain to be remedied. It is by

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no means as certain, however, that this will end the struggle between the people and the Company. The situation in Montana is not the same or as simple as that which formerly existed in most of the Middle Western States in the old days of railway rule. In Montana the railways have long since yielded first place to the Company. They still, of course, employ expert lobbyists, but they attempt no wholesale winning of elections nor purchase of legislatures. In a State with only half a million population, which it takes as long to cross by limited train as it does to go from Chicago to New York, the influence of three transcontinental railway systems is by no means slight. And although there is considerable talk of taking the public into the railways' confidence, there is good reason for suspicion that the bonds of unity of interest reaching out from higher banking circles lead the railways to take the Company more often into its confidence than the public—and to find reasons for siding with the Company in its hottest battles.

These battles will not end so long as the Company remains a combination of all the really profitable privileges and large-scale undertakings in the State. Copper is only the core. Surrounding this core are the largest lumber interests in the State; and the untouched timber resources in the jumble of mountain ranges which cross Montana, reaching their highest point in the Continental Divide, are extensive and are controlled by the Anaconda Company. So also are the principal banks, the largest water-power company, the smelters, coal companies, land companies, public utilities, newspapers, mercantile concerns. Where there is not outright ownership by the Company there is identity of interest and an affiliation which reaches the same end of harmonious and united action. All this is the Company; and the Company is more than this; for it controls in Connecticut the largest American brass company and domestic user of copper, and controls extensive ore deposits in South America and other parts of the world. When the constitutional mining-tax clause is a thing of the past, the struggle will still go on, widened, more complex, more difficult to dramatize, but no less vital to the success of the democratic ideal in our third largest State.

Unlike the situation in some other States, such as Delaware, where the power of the Du Ponts is perhaps even more complete and no less ramifying and carefully protected by every outwork and fortification of control of education and public opinion, the Montana fight is characterized by its openness and the vigor of the champions on either side. There is no supine admission of the hopelessness of the struggle, no silent submission to an insidious all-embracing octopus. In Montana the copper collar shines brazenly forth for all to see. Davids go bravely forth to the blare of trumpets to battle with Goliath. And their whitening bones strew the wayside like the skulls of the bison which once in countless thousands roamed Montana's plains.

The tradition of the open fight began in Montana in the days before the copper industry had been brought under one single dominant control as it is today. The mining interests worked together against the live-stock men and the rest of the State, but within their own ranks there were vigorous clashes in which Irish labor followed Irish mine owner against opposing operators with the traditional loyalty and fighting spirit of the old country clans. The occasion for these sanguinary battles between companies has passed and the Irish blood has been largely replaced by immigrants from Southern Europe but the fighting spirit and much of the Irish leadership lives on. Nor has the fighting spirit failed to draw some sustenance in blood and traditions from districts removed from the mining camps. Montana cherishes her traditions and has developed a form of ancestor worship of which hardly less is heard than in Massachusetts Bay itself—albeit the canvas of Montana's Mayflowers was nailed down on the hoops topping heavy prairie schooners, and her pilgrim fathers bear the locally revered title of "the pioneers." These traditions speak much of vigilantes, of posses, of hangings after quick trials, of cattle wars against homesteaders and sheep men, of Indian wars and Custer's last stand.

The hand-to-hand engagements of most of the battles of today occur in or about the trenches of the Butte hill—that city in size and downtown appearance, perched on a gashed and torn foothill of the Rockies, shafts and drifts and tunnels and ore dumps cropping up between skyscrapers and prosperous downtown clubs and churches, a city, yet no more than "the biggest mining camp in the world." Seen from a distance at night as the limited train starts crawling down from the crest of the Continental Divide it is not unbeautiful, a hill of sparkling lights under a cloudless heaven of stars. At noon with a hot sun beating down from that same cloudless sky upon a jumble of tall buildings and shacks, not a spear of grass or other vegetation in sight, clouds of dust swirling through the streets filled with miners idle through a lay-off, the blacklist, or a preference for bumming to going back into the deep hot mines, it is as forbidding a town as any in the United States. Either in the heat of summer or in the severe cold of the winter it is a town where the thin air of the high altitude stimulates men's nerves and their appetites for the night life of the mining camp; and readily turns the hard-faced restless crowd full of injured, limbless, and diseased men into a mob.

These physical conditions and the nature of the occupation have had none of their raw edges smoothed by the labor policies of the Company. The temperature in the mines is commonly above 100 degrees, and the men's lungs are eaten by the dust and their skin by the drip of the copper-impregnated water on bare, stooping backs. Following periods of tremendous profits, such as that enjoyed during the war, the mines and smelters have been closed without the slightest provision for the mass of the employees or their families. It is not strange that few men undertake the burden of a family which must almost of necessity transform them into abject slaves of the Company. The intemperance, instability, and violence of the Butte labor movement and its publications—foremost of these the sometimes brilliant and always radical Butte *Bulletin*—are the natural result of conditions in Butte and of the labor policies of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and the personnel of local managers selected by absentee ownership.

But Butte is not Montana, nor are even the smelter towns of Anaconda and Great Falls and other lesser mining districts Montana in any other sense than that they caricature the ultimate product of the Montana conflict, the symbol of which is the body of the union organizer Frank Little hanging from a railway trestle, or the office of the Butte *Daily Bulletin* in an abandoned church guarded by a "red guard" of rifles through a night of battle, a night, be it said, not entirely unwelcomed by the members of that "red guard," the fiery writers of the *Bulletin,* and the officers of the local O.B.U. and I.W.W.

Up to the outbreak of the World War, and even for a

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year or so thereafter, almost anyone in Montana would have risked the prophecy that another decade would see agriculture the dominant interest of the State. It seemed certain that a new weight was to be thrown into the scales of battle and that the Company would soon have to yield to the new battalions arriving by the trainload, lured by the vivid recruiting literature and enticements of the railroads and the State immigration service—lawyers, mechanics, teachers, factory hands, clerks, doctors, farmers from the Middle West, none familiar with the peculiar problems either of dry-farming or irrigation, all hoping to find their Eldorado. For a few years those who first turned the sparse desert sod in this new migration prospered. They enjoyed better than normal rainfall and better than normal prices for wheat. Then followed four years in which the rainfall dropped from the 16-inch average to 8 inches, and the price of wheat was cut more than in half. Many a dry-land home miles from water or tree knew actual hunger, and all knew privation, disappointment, and misery as they saw green fields wither and die before the hot winds. And even the irrigated districts saw all profits disappear before low prices, high transportation rates, and burdensome charges for water.

So today these acres on the margin of profitable cultivation which are Montana—on the margin both because of scanty rainfall and the cost of placing water on the land—are being foreclosed and abandoned wholesale. In some dry counties of Montana 80 per cent of the farm lands have reverted to the State for failure to pay taxes, and bank after bank has closed its doors. Pressure of population is almost certain to make the irrigated districts ultimately profitable for those who can hang on, or for their successors. In the meantime the Federal irrigation service will have to wait for repayment of its expenditure and even for interest on the money. But whether the great dry-land area of Montana will ever be more than a siren temptress to the uninformed—one good crop year and two failures—remains to be seen. The possibilities of science in soil culture and in plant breeding are beyond prediction; western Nebraska and Kansas, with hardly more rainfall than eastern Montana's average, were once abandoned by the first disillusioned victims of the railway settlers' bureaus. Science in marketing methods and cooperative distributing may also do much. But in the meantime the once-tilled lands of dry Montana are going back to the cattle range, a range scarred and ruined for years to come by the turning of the natural sod.

"Montana's real trouble," said an old rancher to me, "is that her graveyards aren't big enough." He explained that he was not advocating a general resort to the hangings of vigilante days, nor even waiting until a new generation came on the scene, but that more Montanans must come to look upon the State as their permanent home and final resting place. From the first pioneers who washed their fortunes out of the gold placers, with hydraulic pressure turning pleasant hillsides into desolate wastes of boulders, nearly all who have come to Montana have looked forward to the day when they would have accumulated sufficient funds to permit them to live out the remainder of their days in southern California, Florida, or New York. Now and then a big brown stone house is erected on the hilly streets of Helena as a monument to financial success; but the owners are usually found living elsewhere. And the mansion of Montana's richest citizen, who still keeps his local legal residence (whether out of sentiment or to avoid income and inheritance taxes is not known), stands on Fifth Avenue, New York City—the "home" of ex-Senator W. A. Clark.

Unlike such a State as Colorado, where the tourist population almost exceeds the resident population and is one of the State's leading industries, Montana has done little to promote tourist traffic. Glacier Park is the advertising product of one railway and the plaything of the son of a great railway pioneer who opened up northern Montana, James J. Hill. It has hardly yet repaid interest on the investment, though its striking beauty may before long do so. Other sections of Montana's mountains are hardly less attractive; yet they have not been capitalized to the extent even of the establishment of the "dude ranches" of Wyoming. Nevertheless every Montana rancher feels he has neglected his family if he is unable to find some period between planting or irrigating or harvesting or fall plowing when he can pack them all into a car or wagon, leave the stock in charge of relatives or neighbors, and take a camping, fishing, or hunting trip in the hills.

Indeed, a symbol of Montana second only to the copper collar itself is that of a fisherman whipping a trout stream. No single subject in the legislature evokes the statewide attention, the enthusiasm, or the intelligent interest of a debate on the biennial revision of the fish and game laws. But even in this fact the coils of the Anaconda may be seen. Native Montanans who can sell nothing directly to the tourist trade are not enthusiastic about poachers on their fishing preserves; and it is expensive to build roads which will stand up under the wheels of the endless chain of cars which goes trekking across the State piled high and bulging sidewise with tents, extra cans of oil and gas, blanket rolls, and every sort of paraphernalia, the dust hardly given time to settle before it is stirred up by the Ford behind. Although rain may turn this dust into a quagmire of mud—the famous gumbo—in the course of a few moments' shower, and all automobile traffic of whatever nature be forced to suspend, no trip or family picnic is ever spoiled for a native Montanan by rain. In the midst of the hardest downpour or the most prolonged drizzle, whether in town or country, he greets everyone he meets with a broad smile.

"Fine weather, isn't it?" he beams.

"Another million-dollar shower," is the response.

"If we get one more like this the crop is made."

Doubtless even the officials of the Company welcome a real Montana soaker, and watch with satisfaction the official rain gauge creep upwards, in the critical time of year, above the 8-inch minimum to the 16-inch average, even though they never find time to say so in the midst of their praises of the benefits to the State of A.C.M. development and their denunciations as dangerous radicals of every member of farmer organization, labor union, or independent political group. For in a personal way the Company's officialdom and subordinates are for the most part "good fellows" who have risen from the ranks; something of the free and easy ways of the mining camp or the open range still clinging to them; and Montana is still too young and too near to the frontier to have yet produced that worst of human products, snobbery and the glowering resentment of a long-submerged people. In Montana one may still speak to a man as a man—before drilling him or his business or his reputation full of holes.

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in The Nation *of October 3, will be Indiana: Her Soil and Light, by Theodore Dreiser.*

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The Dictator: "To secure peace you must be strong."

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Coal Characters

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

JOHN L. LEWIS of the United Mine Workers. One of the most attractive gladiators now operating. The face of a giant, crossed from time to time by the convulsed delighted laugh of a child. Smites the rock of the power of the anthracite operators with the economic force of the organization of the miners; and if an increase in wages flows out, then he knows that the water is there and that the operators can afford an increase. If it does not flow out, then he knows that the operators cannot afford it. He seems justly to regard this method as much more reliable than any statistical method. Was once inclined to quail and quake under thunderstorms from enjoining judges. Is now so used to them that he seems barely able to hear them. Has realized thoroughly that arguments get you nowhere in this world unless you have some sort of force behind them. The operators have the force of the ownership of property. He has the force of the leadership of miners who will unanimously stop working. The essence of his diplomacy is to prove that they will. He knows thoroughly that if people got the idea that his army would not march, then they would not care whether the members of his army were able to feed their children or not. He never saw anybody's wages raised by statistics and public opinion and nothing else. He principally provides something else. He occasionally takes his army out for practice maneuvers, just as Roosevelt sent the fleet around the world. It is part of negotiations. Toward the reporters he is as realistic as toward the operators. He knows that the reporters have to make "prognostications" and he does his best to help them to "prognosticate" accurately. He does his best to help them to go right on what is going to happen. He spreads his vast bulk on a settee in a hotel lobby and stretches his massive legs out comfortably before him and clutches a cigar with his broad jaws and tosses back his helmet of thick flowing hair and settles down with the reporters about him to confer on tomorrow's story. He helps them to be right on the actual facts of the actual news developments in that story, and his "propaganda" slides automatically along on the back of his accurate and considerate and appreciated contributions to the reporters' professional needs. Able, formidable, likable.

Samuel D. Warriner, chief representative of the operators. Slender, sophisticated, deeply informed, sharply acute. Plays the role of rapier to Lewis's role of ax. Wears a Phi Beta Kappa key. Is very gentle-mannered. Recoils from rough language—and also from rough stories. Often looks worried. Tries to make Lewis look worried—and feel worried—about the future of the anthracite industry under competition from the bituminous industry. Fails. Lewis and his lieutenants refuse absolutely to do any worrying about it. They profess to believe that bituminous coal cannot oust anthracite coal. Warriner and his lieutenants profess to believe that it can. They know in fact that it sometimes does; because they sometimes lose customers to their bituminous rivals. They profess to believe that they will lose more customers if the price of anthracite keeps going up. They genuinely and sincerely worry on that point, and also on many other points having to do with the conduct of the anthracite industry. The miners' representatives, not being responsible for the conduct of the industry, leave all the worrying to the operators. They realistically content themselves with getting as much as they can for the miners out of the income of the anthracite industry after the operators have done all the worrying connected with the acquiring of that income. Ownership, management, responsibility, and worry for the operators! No part in ownership, no part in management, no admission to responsibility, and no collapse into worry for the miners! Main problem of the industry: to trap the miners into worrying for the industry! Warriner gets paler and more and more worried as the negotiations go forward. Has no personal hostility, however, to Lewis. Likes him. Has no vendetta, either, against the miners' union. Has no plan and no wish to destroy the union. Would like, as he sees it, to persuade the union to be more reasonable. Accepts the existence of the union and hopes for what he would regard as its reformation. Has not thought of any way of accomplishing that reformation. Lights a new cigarette and despairingly demands Lewis's attention for the facts of the anthracite "margin of profit" and for the facts as to what the full eleven demands of the miners would do to that "margin." Gets from Lewis principally an inquiry as to whether $4.08—which is the daily eight-hour wage of some few anthracite mine-workers—is a proper wage. Returns to his hotel and nestles into a chair and gently asks the reporters if Lewis has made a statement to them today. He has. What is it? "If the operators do not yield to our just demands, we will give them the soundest thrashing they have ever had." Warriner smiles very faintly. "Lewis offers force, and I offer arbitration." We write it down. "With force threatened by the miners, and with arbitration offered by the operators, don't you think that the case of the operators ought to be strong with the public?" "Yes," says a reporter, "but your case was just as strong in nineteen twenty-two, and the public gave you no help then." "True enough," says Warriner, and adds: "Now I'll tell you what happened in the conference today from my standpoint." Tells it quietly, clearly, candidly, charmingly. A clean man and a clever man, struggling in a period when his industry has ceased to be autocratic in its relations with labor but has not yet developed any systematic substitute for autocracy.

Swashbucklers. Mr. Searles and Mr. Lyman. Press agents for the two sides. Commonly called swashbucklers ever since the United States Coal Commission said that press agents make everything worse by getting out "swashbuckling" statements. Mr. Searles swashbuckles for the miners, while swapping stories with the reporters jovially. Mr. Lyman swashbuckles for the operators, while swapping stories with the reporters gravely. In the absence of the reporters, Mr. Searles and Mr. Lyman swashbuckle by swapping stories with each other happily and contentedly.

The reporters. They worry less even than Lewis. Lewis at least wants the miners to win. The reporters do not care which side wins. It could be proved in court that the reports of the coal conferences at Atlantic City and at

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Harrisburg by the reporters for the principal newspapers and for the principal news associations were overwhelmingly as destitute of bias as the reports by the photographers.

Gifford Pinchot. Tense, athletic. High-minded. Rather high-handed. "Mens conscia recti. Integer vitae scelerisque purus." All that kind of thing. Uses his fists. Hits the miners and hits the operators. Also hits the railroads and hits the wholesale and retail coal dealers. Wins a victory all covered with blood.

Calvin Coolidge. Tranquil. Only President in recent years who has failed to see the Republic falling if there was a strike. Also only President in recent years who has failed to say "wicked! wicked!" to striking miners. Stands behind presidential desk, pale, slight, hardy, agile, and determined to keep all troubles securely on the other side of the desk at Harrisburg, Cleveland, Seattle, and other proper places for them. For him, a tranquil White House, if he can get it, and a people saying: "What? Change things in the White House? We haven't heard of any trouble there."

Mussolini Fails

By GIOVANNI GIGLIO

[*It has been suggested by more than one observer that Mussolini's arrogant gesture of imperialist defiance, which may yet set Europe ablaze with war, was due in large part to internal difficulties; that in order to preserve the Fascist domination of the country, the Italian people needed the distraction as well as the uniting influence of an affair of honor and a common enemy. One of the important internal conflicts, in which Mussolini's commands and threats have failed of their effect, is described in this article, written before the Greek incident had given the Italian dictator his opportunity to defy the world.*]

Rome, August 20

THE class-struggle that Mussolini was to abolish together with its Socialist propagandists and followers, is just becoming more evident in Italy through one of its most characteristic episodes: the big contest between shipowners and seamen. Mussolini has smashed the Italian Socialist Party, but the splinters of the smashed mirror have remained together with the economic and social contrasts that they continue to reflect in Italian life. The Fascist violence which has been able to suppress, imprison, banish, and even to force humiliating capitulations upon the Italian labor movement, has not been able to suppress as yet, nor to banish or cause to capitulate, the struggle between capital and labor. This struggle has remained, and it is growing ever more violent in its attacks against labor. The present fight between shipowners and seamen is a most instructive instance. The most striking feature of this contest, in its present stage, is the personal intervention of Mussolini for the purpose of compelling both parties to come to an agreement, which has turned out, owing to the stubbornness of the shipowners, an utter failure for Mussolini himself. In view of the importance of this failure in Italy's present political situation, it may be useful to recapitulate some of the earlier phases of the struggle.

In the summer of 1919 Captain Giulietti, the secretary of the Italian Seamen's Federation, founded with the money of the federation the Garibaldi Shipping Cooperative Society. The funds were rather scanty, a few million lire altogether, but Captain Giulietti had a rather genial plan whereby he intended to increase them rapidly. The Garibaldi Cooperative Society asked for and obtained from the Italian state the hiring of some tank steamers which had belonged to the Germans. With little expense these tank steamers were by the new owners changed into cargo boats. The Seamen's Federation supplied the crews, and the first ship to start the new traffic of the Garibaldi was the Amilcare Cipriani, which sailed to Odessa with a cargo of victuals and medicals, the first contribution made by Italian workers to Soviet Russia. After that the Garibaldi kept in active service its fleet, consisting of five ships. Thus Captain Giulietti achieved his first object: to insure for the union a powerful weapon of financial resistance, to be able with better success to continue the struggle with the shipowners for an increase of wages. In fact, the federation succeeded some time later in securing most favorable working agreements and reasonably high wages. If some shipowner resisted, Giulietti could easily boycott him, causing the crews of the boycotted master to sail on the ships of the union's cooperative. The first to feel the advantages of such a situation were the seamen themselves, and very willingly they lodged in the treasury of their own cooperative 50 per cent of their increased wages. Thus, during the past three years, the Garibaldi has become one of the richest cooperative societies of this country. The shipowners perceived the trick when it was too late for them to mend matters and when the Garibaldi had already established itself upon a sound financial basis. But the shipowners did not lose courage, and they charged the Garibaldi with "permanently defrauding the state" and induced Parliament to order three public investigations of the management of the Garibaldi. The results of all the three were, however, favorable to the seamen's cooperative. These investigations were made under Nitti's and Giolitti's cabinets. When Signor Facta succeeded Signor Giolitti the political situation in Italy was rather difficult for Giulietti and the Socialist Party. The shipowners took advantage of this, and their next step was to bring about a trial of Giulietti and his assistants for their past "criminal" conduct. Giulietti, to avoid imprisonment, was obliged to take shelter abroad. By this time Fascism was in its most violent stage. As Giulietti could not be punished personally, the Fascisti attacked his residence at San Marino. The headquarters of the Seamen's Federation and the Garibaldi at Genoa were not attacked owing to the fact that Giulietti had put them, during his banishment, under the protection and leadership of Commander Rizzo, a great hero of the Italian war. But the shipowners clamored for the destruction of both the federation and the Garibaldi, and for this purpose they built up a Fascist seamen's organization. To encourage the desertion of the seamen from Giulietti's union they allowed the Fascist organization all the economic advantages enjoyed by the federation.

Matters had grown very hard for the federation and the Garibaldi. Then Giulietti played his last card: the card of despair, which was to save his union and at the same time lose him the good opinion of the international labor movement. Giulietti had rendered great services to D'Annunzio when the latter embarked upon his Fiume adventure. Giulietti had brought to D'Annunzio, at Fiume, a ship laden with six thousand tons of rifles and explosives, and D'Annunzio, as a testimonial of his thankfulness, had joined Giu-

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lietti's union as an honorary member. Upon being asked to come to the assistance of the union, D'Annunzio became the arbitrator in the contest between the Fascisti and Giulietti. After long and difficult negotiations, D'Annunzio forced the Fascisti and the shipowners to give up their struggle against the federation and the Garibaldi. Thus a compromise was signed according to which the Fascist seamen's organization was dissolved and incorporated in the federation, which was acknowledged as the sole legitimate seamen's union in Italy, and Giulietti was confirmed in his post as secretary. There remained, however, a real task to perform: to persuade the defeated shipowners to come to an agreement with their terrible foe Giulietti. D'Annunzio tried to overcome this difficulty, and a short time ago invited the shipowners to meet him in his Cargnacco villa. There D'Annunzio submitted to them a compromise of pacification that he himself had written and called the "pactum sine nomini." The compromise draft was submitted to Mussolini, who, as the Government chief, approved it, promising to use all his influence with the shipowners so that they might sign it. The negotiations were finally transferred to Rome and conducted under the personal direction of Mussolini. But in spite of this the peace treaty was not signed. At the eleventh hour the shipowners put hesitation behind them and stated that they could not for sincerity's sake make peace with Giulietti, and that in any case they could never sign a compromise which in their opinion would bind them, hands and feet, before foreign competition.

So the matter stands today. The shipowners have made up their mind to resist the pressure of the Government; and the Fascist press, to defend the prestige of the Dictator, threatens and screams against the shipowners. The latter are now charged by the Fascisti with being the allies of international plutocracy, which is alleged to be conspiring against the Fascist regime. Mussolini, on the other hand, is credited with being determined to break the shipowners' resistance, even to the point of enforcing D'Annunzio's "pactum sine nomini" by royal decree. This is the first time that Mussolini has been so stubbornly resisted by the masters of capital, since the latter helped him to seize power. It is difficult to make any forecast as to the final issue of this contest. My impression is that Mussolini has even now enough strength to face and control this revolt by the shipowners, but it is doubtful whether the Fascist method of dealing with difficulties is the best way to bring the complicated problems of Italian political and economic life to a satisfactory solution.

Contributors to This Issue

ARTHUR FISHER has been connected with several papers controlled by farmer-labor groups in Montana. As a result of his views he was forced out of the law school of the University of Montana two years ago through the efforts of the American Legion.

EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL is a writer of short stories and novels, who has spent the last four years traveling in Europe and the Far East.

BRENT ALLINSON, who was imprisoned as a conscientious objector during the war, spent several years in Europe in the service of the Friends' relief organization.

WILLIAM HARD, *The Nation's* special Washington representative, resumes his weekly letter in this issue.

German Youth and the Pagan Gods

By BRENT ALLINSON

THERE was something almost theatrical about the light of this June evening reflected from a great, floating bank of pink clouds upon the faces and bodies of a hundred youths and girls in colorful outing costume, seated or standing in little groups here and there among the trees. Talking and chaffing together, and calling and chasing about, they made ready a picnic supper from baskets and bundles which they had carried on a long tramp to this sylvan solitude.

It had been hot and oppressive in Berlin, and on the train journey to Zossen, in the Mark, the third- and fourth-class compartments were so crowded with excursionists bound for the country to tramp and sleep out of doors for the week-end that even the platforms were packed and the boys had actually ridden on the roofs of the cars. But here in the woods it was deliciously cool, and after a supper of sandwiches and a little fruit and a drink of water we were ready to tramp on through the gathering dusk to the appointed spot in the deep forest, where the ceremony was to take place. For this was the night of the summer solstice when pagan gods were abroad, and the *Wandervögel*, the Youth Movement of all Berlin, in their several troops and *Ortsgruppen* were foregathering for their solemn midsummer festival. I was pleasantly conscious of being one of the very few *Ausländer* invited to participate in the ritual. What did it all mean, these pagan journeyings and preparations, this romantic stirring of the youth of Germany? What were the aims of this strange movement—part pagan, part religious, part national, part international in spirit? What in the world were the boys and girls going to do tonight, out here in the pine forests of the Mark? As we moved on down a darkening road our column was hailed by another, and another, converging from the east and southeast, composed of somewhat younger boys dressed, like my own comrades of the hour, in short leather, or imitation leather, knickers, embroidered in colored thread and exposing brown knees and sturdy legs, stout shoes, sometimes with knitted stockings, colored and plain, shirts of cotton or flannel, open at the throat, and occasionally a felt cap adorned with a goose-quill or a partridge feather. The girls wore dark skirts of flowered calico, pretty but serviceable, and sometimes bright aprons; and many wore their hair in parallel braids over their shoulders. The costume was like that of some rude and rustic Dolly Varden without a hat, called everywhere in Germany *Dirndlkleid*. Altogether a picturesque outfit.

On the long tramp through the cool night air the boys sang many an old "Lied" of war and love and longing which they had heard among the peasants on their rambles through the countryside, and which they had revised and published to all Germany and learned by heart.

When, at length, it had fallen quite dark we came to a clearing, a kind of sandy hollow, where everybody sat down and waited. Presently from the dark woods beyond we heard the faint sound of singing. As the sound increased I realized that it was a part-song in which perhaps ten voices of men and women participated, a sad song, and

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very beautiful. There was no accompaniment, no other sound. The singing continued for ten minutes, seemed to come nearer, and then died away into silence. Then a torch was planted on the uneven sand, and from the wood behind came forth costumed figures who began to speak and to perform a play—an allegorical play in which a princess is led by her curiosity to wander far afield until she is lost and, after many wanderings as an unhappy captive among the gnomes of some demi-world, is rescued by her own faith and the devotion of her kindred and the sacrifice of her lover.

The play over, the sound of singing summoned us to continue our pilgrimage through the dark forest and we followed the guiding voices for perhaps half an hour until we came suddenly to a great open space, a grassy field between two forests, culminating in a rounded hill. Walking over the field and up the slopes of the hill with the crowd, I noticed that the leaders were already setting fire to a great pile of wood and pine branches on the summit in the center of the clearing. As the flames kindled and mounted about the central, supporting tree to a height of ten or fifteen feet, the whole field was illuminated to the edges of the wood which completely inclosed it, and the great crowd of young people, their faces and arms crimsoned by the light, formed themselves into two huge circles and, linking hands, began to move and to run in opposite directions about the blazing fire.

At length everybody sat down in a great ring and watched the fire until it burned down, talking quietly in little groups. Then an older man, one of the leaders, dressed like the rest, stepped to the fire and called for silence. "Bitte, Ruhe!" he said, and held up his hand. After a moment he began to speak, quietly, in a clear, cultivated voice. He apostrophized the fire as the symbol of all life and strength. He spoke of youth, of its freshness and its hope and its purity. He spoke then of the dead, of the lost comrades from every troop—in some cases more than half of the members of the troop—who had given the last, full measure of devotion to the fatherland, and who slept now forever in the fields of France. He called for reconsecration of the spirit to the immortal ideals of strength and righteousness and fortitude and patience which through the centuries the German folk had ever tried to maintain. And out there in the forest under the summer sky crowded with stars, by that dying altar fire in the midst of hundreds of young people, solemn, silent, despairing, or hoping against hope, and listening intently to the quivering voice of that man, I felt that I had never before been witness of a public ceremony half so moving. I felt merged suddenly in the spiritual community of another people, felt initiated into another life. It was a moment of transcendent vision and emotion which comes so rarely in a man's lifetime that, when it does, he never forgets it.

In the earliest hours of morning the young people about the bonfire on the crest of the secluded field slipped away into the woods to sleep on the sand, pillowed by leaves and pine-tufts or folded in a blanket. Most of the boys marched away through the woods and down a long white road under a drooping moon to some abandoned army barracks three miles or more away, where they made themselves as comfortable as possible on straw mattresses in "double-deck" iron bunks to awaken, tired but refreshed, for the athletic games planned for the morning.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter feared that the romance of the road was gone forever. In all ages wayfaring had been wildly or quaintly adventurous. He thought of the Canterbury Pilgrims, the wandering players of Scarron, the traveling journeymen of the Rhine and Elbe, the stage-coach jaunts of all his friends in Dickens and elsewhere and despaired. In a high-powered car a friend had driven the Drifter to Boston. There were "road-hogs" and "speed-hounds" and traffic-cops of varying temper. The road-houses were spuriously elegant; the food was conventional and dear. No, said the Drifter to himself, it is all over. Maybe the hoboes have a little fun and adventure—maybe.

* * * * *

HE knows better now. You must stay away from National Highways and Boston Roads. Somewhere in northern Vermont, with the Adirondacks towering beautifully on one side and the Green Mountains no less beautiful on the other, the Drifter drove a Ford sedan over a white, sandy ribbon of road that wound in wild gyrations in and out of the hills, took breathless turns and unexpected leaps, and finally writhed its way into the tiny capital of Montpelier where under a Lilliputian gilded dome the State senate still deliberates by the light of gas lamps. The Ford sedan, named Susie, hopped and skidded in the sand and flew over rather than on the road. Inns were advertised at crossings in faded lettering. But when you got to them there was nothing to be had. A long, unshaven, lanky individual would gaze lugubriously at the Drifter and his friend. He had pork. "What else?" the Drifter asked. "Pork," the hirsute gentleman replied with dull finality. Here hunting dinner was high adventure. You lost your way. From afar you spied a sign. "Ah," you exclaimed and stepped on the gas so that poor Susie quaked and trembled. You came up to the sign. It said: "Pigs for Sale."

* * * * *

SUCH incidents smack of the roads of old. And if there are neither pilgrims nor wandering minstrels, there are "hitch-hikers." Suddenly, some hundreds of feet in front of Susie, who was northward bound, appeared three figures who were at once lithe and stalwart. The Drifter stopped and beheld three young women—dusty Valkyries in gray knickers and sweaters and thick stockings, stout-booted, with small, gay caps, knapsacks and cameras slung over shoulders shapely even under the rough, knitted stuff. They wanted a lift. They were New York girls on a vacation determined to beg lifts—that is the method of the "hitch-hiker"—to Montreal. One of them was communicative. "We've had good luck. If our luck holds we'll be hitching into Montreal tonight in time to catch a ferry for Quebec. No, we don't often sleep at inns. Usually there's a Y where we can stop nights. There are thousands of us, of course. Hitch-hiking is always done by twos and threes. We know girls who have hitched all the way to California. There's little trouble and most motorists are pretty good to us. It's a great way of seeing the country." The roads full of "hitch-hikers"! Unless human nature has changed —it hasn't of course—there begins here a life of the road full of romantic and gallant and even brilliant adventure. Even a humble Ford car can rattle through fabled mountains and meet dryads on the way. THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Jim Crowism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In regard to the article headed Jim Crow in Texas by William Pickens [issue of August 15], while I have no desire to go into any discussion of the law as it now exists in Texas with regard to the races, I do wish to state that all of our trains provide two compartments for our colored patrons, one that may be used as a smoking compartment and the other for women and men not desiring to smoke. Separate toilets for both sexes are provided on all of our trains.

I have long recognized that the colored people pay fare the same as any other passengers, and should receive the same attention and courteous treatment as is accorded other patrons. We provide for the feeding of colored patrons of our line in dining-cars, either before or after white patrons have been served. Not only do we feel that we must comply with the laws as they exist, but we also take into consideration the human element and endeavor to give all of our patrons the attention, service, and accommodations they are entitled to.

Dallas, Texas, August 15 W. G. CRUSH,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad Company

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The policy of the Missouri Pacific Railroad in the handling of colored traffic is necessarily in adherence to the regulations prescribed by the State and Federal governments, over the creation of which the railroad had no control whatever. The segregation of races has been built upon a traditionally peculiar racial situation which naturally exists in many of the Southern States, and, in my opinion, it is vitally essential to the peace and welfare of the territory involved.

A reading of Mr. Pickens's article impresses me with a tendency to exaggeration.

St. Louis, August 13 C. L. STONE,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Missouri Pacific Railroad Company

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a Southerner by adoption, having been born in a Western State and moving to Florida when quite a lad, but I have lived in the North for the last six or eight years. This gives me, I hope, sufficiently varied experience to understand the different and conflicting viewpoints expressed.

I can only say this, just now, that one who has not lived the better part of a lifetime in the South, or made sufficient study and had sufficient actual personal experience to understand the problems of the Southerner, cannot intelligently discuss the question. Whether Pickens will admit it or not, the facts are that the average Southern Negro is never an equal of a white man. He is either his subordinate or superior.

Chicago, August 16 B. M. JEWELL,
President, Railway Employees' Department, American Federation of Labor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I heartily agree with every fact contained in Mr. Pickens's article, so far as personal observation is concerned, and with his conclusion that the whole system is in violation of the spirit of our Constitution and the genius of our institutions, as we so proudly express them. This, together with our whole treatment of the colored race, if not quickly righted, will bring the train of disaster upon us as a people which always follows in the wake of national falsehood and injustice.

New York, August 11 FRANK P. WALSH

Electricity for Railroads

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In commenting on Stuart Chase's Junk, in your issue of August 1, Alice Stone Blackwell says: "The experts know that the best way to run a railroad is by electricity, not by steam, yet our railroads are not electrified and are not likely to be for a good while."

I wonder who the experts are who know that the best way to run *a railroad* (regardless of whether it is urban or rural or of dense or light traffic) is by electricity. Is it not possible that Miss Blackwell has fallen into line with many other liberals and accepted with little or no investigation the statements of the propagandists for electrification? Or maybe she has read uncritically that portion of the Superpower Survey report dealing with railroads. J. G. LYNE

New York, July 30

A Federal Divorce Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the August 8 issue of *The Nation* I was much interested in an editorial upon the prospective Federal marriage and divorce legislation which is now before Congress. It was particularly interesting because of the impression it gave that your editorial writer had not fully digested the content of the amendment to the Constitution and the national uniform marriage and divorce law which Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas and Representative L. W. Fairfield of Indiana introduced into both houses of Congress last January. If he had done so I am sure that he would not have declared that the result of Federal action would be "to fasten a medieval system of divorce on every State and every individual." Furthermore, I do not think that he would have stated: "'As bad as the worst' seems to be the motto of the Federal divorce-law advocate."

As I had something to do with the campaign of education as to the necessity for such a law and conferred with Mrs. Edward Franklin White, who drafted it, I cannot allow these statements to go unchallenged. A law which permits divorce on the grounds of infidelity, physical and mental cruelty, desertion, failure to provide, commission of a crime, and incurable insanity can scarcely be called medieval; nor can it be said to be "as bad as the worst."

As the divorce laws of this country are now, they are either a farce or a tragedy, and a desire of putting an end to the tragic or farcical situation, as the case may be, prompted the General Federation of Women's Clubs and other organizations to take up the campaign for a national uniform marriage and divorce law.

The proposed amendment to the Constitution is not at all tied up to the law itself; and should the amendment be realized and the marriage bill as drawn by Mrs. Edward Franklin White passed, if it were to be found inadequate by succeeding generations, under the empowering amendment, another law could be passed to take its place.

I agree with the writer of your editorial that the Scandinavian law is ideal, but it would be quite impossible to pass such a law in this country at this time. There is no danger of Mrs. White's law "fettering or ruining the happiness of a helpless minority." As I have said, everybody who is entitled to a divorce will be able to get one, and it will prevent men and women from going into States not their own and getting divorces without the knowledge of their wives or husbands. Also it will preclude the present confusing situation by which a man and woman may be legally divorced in one State and not in another; by which they may be legally married a second time in one State and bigamists in another; by which a child by a second marriage may be legitimate in one State and illegitimate in another.

New York, August 28 GENEVIEVE PARKHURST,
Contributing Editor *Pictorial Review*

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Books

Santayana's Philosophy

Scepticism and Animal Faith. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner and Sons. $3.50.

THIS book is particularly recommended to those—and they are many—who persist in regarding Mr. Santayana as a litterateur rather than as a philosopher. If by metaphysics we mean a sustained and consistent inquiry into the ultimate nature of Being, then no more thoroughly metaphysical book has been written in this generation. Nor will this statement frighten off those who know from previous experience that it is impossible for Mr. Santayana to touch any subject, however abstruse, without transmuting it into poetry and music. In this, his latest volume, he attempts to clear up for himself and his readers those bases and presumptions of his thought which have lain half implied and half expressed in his "Life of Reason." The latter might be described as a comprehensive philosophy of life from the standpoint of the empirical and naturalistic observer. "Scepticism and Animal Faith" seeks to reveal the sources of the instinctive compulsions which make those very beliefs in nature and experience inescapable.

Mr. Santayana's inquiry centers around the question, "How far may skepticism be carried, and what is it impossible not to disbelieve?" He is not engaged in the facile foolery of proving that chairs and tables do not really exist, that the coffee we drink and the music we hear, the landscapes we love and the people we hate are illusions. He is seriously trying to find out what in honest human experience we can and must assume, what it is that logic compels us to question and that life forces us to believe.

A good part of the book, therefore, though perhaps the least original and interesting part, is spent in clearing away the ground, in pruning away gratuitous presumptions and vulnerable faiths. One may with all the logical sanction in the world, as Santayana shows, doubt self-consciousness, change, the very fact of existence itself. "For all an ultimate skepticism may show, . . . there may be no facts at all, and perhaps nothing has ever existed."

Upon the ruins created by a candid, and somewhat playful, logic, Santayana proceeds to erect a surer scaffolding of indubitable realms of Being. Descartes begins with the Ego. This twentieth-century skeptic, having seen the wreck of many young solipsisms, is too wary for that. He begins to rebuild his world with nothing less fragile than the purely logical character of essences or terms. These cannot be doubted, for no claim is made that they exist. One may doubt all the various furniture of experience, and call every item in it a deceit and an illusion. But those illusions have each of them a precise logical quality and character, and each of those phantoms and deceits is its own indefeasible self. "Each will appear in its own world and shining by its own light, however brief may be my glimpse of it; no date will be written upon it; no frame of full or empty time will shut it in; nothing in it will be addressed to me or suggestive of any spectator. It will seem in no world, an incident in no experience. The quality of it will have ceased to exist. It will be an Essence."

The only irrefragable element in Being, therefore, turns out to be this eternal infinitude of *reinlogisch* characters, like the letters of an alphabet that may never have been used to make words. It includes all that is known and thought and apprehended, and an infinitude that never has been and never will be. "It is the sum of mentionable objects, of terms about which and in which something might be said." This realm of logical characters is certainly not much to start with. It is certainly not the full-bodied nature which we commonly have to deal with and which we commonly have to believe. But this infinite and inalienable realm of essence, thin though it be, is alone immune to the shatterings of logic. For it is implied in the very logic by which that shattering is performed, and in that shattering itself. If life requires for its continuance further belief, that is a matter of vital adventure, of human risk, of animal faith.

It is this career and complication of animal faith that Santayana traces. The bodiless being of Essence may involve no other existence nor any belief. But the intuition or beholding of essences does. "By the mere consideration of the way in which essence presents itself, we snatch from the jaws of skepticism one more belief, belief in discourse or in mind thinking." And granting the existence of mind, we are led sensibly and certainly to belief in experience, in substance, in nature, in other minds, and in the implied and eternal being of truth. And not least are we led to believe in the reality of spirit, that fine flame, generated by nature, expressive of it, and incarnate in it, the flame by the light of which nature is valued and understood.

There is nothing logically compulsive about any of these beliefs. We are welcome to doubt all the observable and malleable features of the world in which we go on living. They are simply instinctive presumptions, animal faiths. They may well be suspect in refinements of speculation, and condemned from the standpoint of a free and poetic spirit as trivial, accidental, and absurd. But this so solid world by which we live, and in the understanding of which we control our fortunes, is not solely a matter for refined dialectic or sportive poetry. It is a construction of an adventurous instinct and a risking reason. In the bright clarity of our logic we may doubt everything save the logical forms of the phantoms which we doubt. But in the very act of living we go further. We take long leaps in the interests of that animal psyche out of which doubt springs, and of which reason and spirit are the instruments and the fruit.

No one at all interested in current winds of doctrine can afford to miss this adroit and honest book. It comes to grips with the deeper issues over the surfaces of which contemporary thought has been glibly skipping. Santayana has provided an Introduction to Realms of Being that probes to the depths of reality without forsaking the light of common sense.

IRWIN EDMAN

Romantic Ireland

Castle Conquer. By Padraic Colum. Macmillan. $2.

THOSE who have followed the work of Padraic Colum from its beginnings in "Wild Earth" have always looked forward to the novel which one felt he could and would write. That anticipation is not disappointed in "Castle Conquer." In spite of the years that have slipped by since he gave us that first book of poems, since "The Land," "The Fiddler's House," and "Thomas Muskerry" established him in an unassailable position in the Irish Theater, this book betrays nothing of the changed life, the varied activities that have since been his. "Castle Conquer" belongs to the period preceding his hegira, and the perfume of Irish earth clings about it as unmistakably as it breathed out of every page of his early plays and poems. This prose has all the simple charm, the fresh tang that made the poetry of "Wild Earth" irresistible.

The story centers about Francis Gillick, the returned student from the Irish College in Salamanca, who has given up his studies for the priesthood and come to settle down among his own people. As a "spoilt priest" he is too greatly handicapped in the immediate circle of his own friends and relatives, so he goes to another part of the country to work on the farm of Honor Paralon, whose daughters Oona and Brighid befriend him, until inevitably both girls are more deeply involved by their affections than mere friendship. It is to Brighid that Francis pledges himself, and their love is drawn by the author in scenes of a whispered and passionate intensity which contrast curiously with the mawkish sentimentality, on the one

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hand, and the pathological realism, on the other, which are an essential feature of the average novel of today. In the relations of these two there is a tender shyness, charmingly rendered, which is as characteristic, in its way, as the brutalities of James Joyce, who, too, has described one phase of the Irish attitude in matters of sex. But Colum shows how this idyll, like so many other normal human impulses, is overshadowed in Ireland by the figure of Kathleen ni Houlihan, into whose mouth W. B. Yeats has put words that are not forgotten: "It is hard service they take that help me. Many that are red-cheeked now will be pale-cheeked; many that have been free to walk the hills and the bogs and the rushes will be sent to walk hard streets in far countries . . . and for all that they will think they are well paid."

In such service Francis Gillick gradually finds himself enrolled and in his adventures we watch the beginning of the Land War in Ireland, and see how inevitably the land and the nation became identical in the eyes of many generations. The evolution of Gillick, the pressure of innumerable little circumstances which transform him into a "rebel" in the eyes of the British authorities, and finally, the accusation which lands him in jail —all these elements inseparable from the life of the period are skilfully woven into Mr. Colum's narrative. His great skill lies in the unostentatious way in which he develops this main theme, without ever insisting upon it. This is not just the story of a young Irishman's revolt, for the individual hero is merely the focusing-point of an era and a people. "Castle Conquer" is a true microcosm of Irish country life, the Ascendancy minority, harsh, always insecure and baffled, with its servitors drawn from the people, and then the people themselves, with their own life and traditions, sustained by a definite hope and the will to survive. Padraic Colum knows the Irish countryside, its physical aspects at all seasons, the customs and beliefs of the peasantry, the striking characters who may be found by those who know how to seek them: Michael Philabeen, the weaver; Honor Paralon, young Maelshaughlinn, whose adventure at the fair is one of the most perfect incidents in the book, equaled only by the weaver's story of how he took to the roads with young Owen Paralon—vignettes complete in themselves and having the authentic ring of folk stories.

One lays down a book of this caliber with a regret for all the cheap sentimentalities and trivial humor which make up the usual popular novel of Irish life, against which one wishes to set a "Castle Conquer," or such a work as Seumas O'Kelly's "The Weaver's Grave." The manner of the telling is a delight in itself, a style full of poetry and tenderness and color, touched with laughter which does not depend upon verbal caricature, that great stock in trade of the manufacturers of "Irish" fiction for export. With his first novel Padraic Colum has enhanced the distinction of his already valuable contribution to Anglo-Irish literature, his work as poet and dramatist.

ERNEST BOYD

Modern Histories of German Literature

Die Deutsche Literatur Unserer Zeit. Von Kurt Martens. Munich: Rösl & Cie.

Deutsche Literaturgeschichte in Einer Stunde. Von Klabund. Leipzig: Dürr & Weber.

Das Grosse Bestiarium der Modernen Literatur. Von Franz Blei. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt.

Das Bücher-Dekameron. Von Kasimir Edschmid. Berlin: Erich Reiss.

OF the making of German histories of German literature there is no end. The Germans themselves are conscious of their weakness for systematic presentations of literature; they seem to be ashamed of it, too, but they cannot quit the habit. It was a German who characterized the English as practical, the French as artistic, and the Germans as critical. This is their only excuse: they cannot help it; it is the nature of the beast. And so they continue to excuse themselves and to write histories of German literature. To be sure, there still are scholars who are unashamed. Several "regular" histories of German literature have appeared recently, without excuse, by the well-known scholars Oskar Walzel, Friedrich von der Leyen, Adolf Bartels, Karl Borinski, O. E. Lessing, Julius Wiegand. But more interesting, although not so "solid," are the histories written by non-professional historians. And the serious student of German literature may perhaps take it as a hopeful sign that these historians are all men of letters, writers of ability and imagination. The student will remember that the chief reason for the existence of such an excellent literature of translations in the German language is that men with literary ability have not hesitated to translate the masterpieces of other languages. The German unlike the English man of letters considers translating a good school of training for the young writer; the English writer considers it as hack work. The result is that we have, for example, no Goethe in English. If Shelley had not restricted himself to just two scenes of Faust, we probably should have an English Goethe comparable to the German version of Shakespeare. It was this different attitude that gave to the Germans such translators as Schlegel, Tieck, Schiller, Voss, Fulda, Stefan George, Rilke, Morgenstern, and many others. If literary men are now writing histories of literature, may we not hope for interesting results?

The "literary" historian likes to emphasize the non-academic character and purpose of his writing; he is writing not for the student but for the *Volk*, the people. Kurt Martens, whom the academic historian calls the novelist of the *decadence*, says in the preface of his "Contemporary German Literature" that he does not wish to write for the professional student of literature but for all classes of the "folk." He does succeed in his combination of anthology and history in giving samples, characterizations, and classifications of about three hundred modern German writers in a manner to attract many different tastes to many different dishes. It is even a good book for academic use. The reviewer knows of at least one class in an American college that used it as a textbook.

Klabund, whose bourgeois name is Alfred Henschke, is placed by Martens among the "Expressionists and related poets of radical progress." He writes lyrical poems and novels, and now he has written a "History of German Literature in One Hour." (He has also written a "History of Universal Literature in One Hour.") It took the reviewer two hours to travel, under the guidance of Klabund, from the "Wessobrunner Prayer," 800 A.D., to Friedrich Schnack's lyrical poetry, 1922 A.D.,—and it was a pleasant trip. The perspective, the most difficult thing in a brief history, is well preserved by Klabund. He devotes seven pages to Goethe, three-fourths of a page to Hauptmann, and four lines to himself. His style is picturesque, clear, and terse. Men and movements are characterized in a language that is the poet's rather than the scholar's—a language rich in metaphors. It is a beautiful brief presentation of a large subject to the general reader, but it is still more valuable and interesting to one who is already fairly well posted. It would probably shock the poet-author to know this: he has written an excellent and interesting final review for the college student majoring in German.

Those who are most ashamed deny their activity by camouflaging their products under fantastic forms. Franz Blei, whose collected works in six volumes comprise the drama, novel, sketches, essays, and criticisms, directly denies the existence of a German literature with a history. He says: "The less money a man has, the more does he speak of money. No people speaks so much in so many histories of literature of its own literature as the German." And still he cannot help writing about it. He writes a descriptive catalogue, which he calls "The Great Bestiary of Modern Literature." In the manner of the medieval bestiaries and by the methods of comparative physiognomy he tries to determine the character and traits of

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human, "all too human," writers by comparing them with related (?) forms in the animal kingdom. He is most interested in the German species, but he also examines the foreigner. Indeed, he is more charitable toward the foreign writer than toward the native; the former occur more often not as animals but as students of animals, as "zoölogists." Shaw, to be sure, is a zoölogist who likes also to transform himself into a "zoön," in this case, a goat. Whitman, indeed is "the Great Pan, who has never died, because immortal, he alone among the gods." "Das Wilde," "das Hamsun," "das Chesterton" are foreign beasts: beasts of prey, amphibia, and freaks. Blei's ironical analogies are often illuminating, as the caricature is illuminating, but a consistent and continuous argument by analogy is sure to lose its point. Some of his beasts are, to say the least, very unlike anything in the biology of animal or of man.

Kasimir Edschmid (Eduard Schmidt), novelist and lyricist of the most extremely modern school and author of the authoritative book on Expressionism, has written a "Decameron of Books." The author and a traveling Dutch gentleman are snowbound in a tavern in Tirol. They must pass ten days in their own company, and, to while away the time, the author talks to the Dutchman about literature and the background of literature. Really, the only thing in common with Boccaccio's work is the number ten, ten days of exile; there is nothing of the very human element of the Italian "Decamerone." Edschmid says what he has to say about German literature in the form of one-sided chats—witty, bitter, disconnected. He does not give us a systematic or reasoned exposition—cleverness as contrasted with scholarliness does not permit of such procedure. This *raconteur* skips from Boccaccio to the German revolution; from the snow-covered landscape to European languages; from the Minnesingers to Expressionism. While answering the question, What is German? he skips delightfully from Goethe to Wedekind. His revolutionary attitude is expressed in the judgment that Goethe and Hauptmann are not as German as Dehmel and Wedekind. Visions that recall the snow scene in Kaiser's "From Morn to Midnight"; grotesque sketches, for example, The Ski's Laughter, serve as introductions to his discussions of literature. The manner and the thought are expressionistic. Brilliancy there is, but, as with so many of the modern radicals, it is a very flickering light with none of the steady radiance of the best stylists. Edschmid, of course, also takes a fling at the histories of German literature. They are paper wagons drawn by wretched lean nags. Von der Leyen's recent work is a heavy truck loaded with machine-guns. Even Martens, whom we have put at the head of our list, finds no grace in the eyes of his contemporary; his history is a "picture-book wagon." In order to preserve the figure of the vehicle, Edschmid's own book might be classified as a rather unsteady "joy-ride machine."

W. D. ZINNECKER

A Human Collection

Teodoro the Sage. By Luigi Lucatelli. Translated by Morris Bishop. Boni and Liveright. $2.

BECAUSE of the absence of comic strips the influence of European newspapers upon the speech and habits of the masses may not be as great as that of their American contemporaries, but thoughtful folk read their editorials, their critiques, and their special articles with greater benefit and appreciation. The reason for that is to be found not in the character of European newspaper readers but in the personnel of the correspondents and staff writers. We, on this side of the Atlantic, may boast of certain eminent men of letters who began their careers as journalists, only to desert the profession when fame singled them out for notice, but the columns of many European newspapers still reflect the views of writers whom cultured opinion has raised to a high place.

Such a writer was Luigi Lucatelli, the famous Italian journalist, who served his paper, *Il Secolo* of Milan, until his death from fever in 1915 while reporting the clash of nations upon the Western front. Because of the nature of his duties as correspondent and leader writer a great part of his writings could not be saved from the oblivion of newsprint. The collection of fragments that has been published under the title "Teodoro the Sage" represents the best and most durable portions of his journalistic work. In using the word "fragment" I do not wish to imply that these bits of writing seem to have been torn from longer compositions; rather do they appear to be fragments of life itself, clear and startling glimpses of an onrushing panorama that bewilders most observers by the complexity of its vistas and the vertiginous speed of its passing. Lucatelli's heart throbs with pity for the human beings whose ineffectual gropings he describes, but his eyes are not blurred by sentimental tears. He sees straight and has the courage and power to tell what he sees. The man who sees straight and thinks clearly when considering humanity is called a cynic. If the right word bite instead of caress, the writer is a misanthrope and pessimist. Lucatelli's pen pictures of humanity are not flattering or comforting but they resemble the original to a high degree.

The book takes its name from the character Teodoro Nasica, who is the protagonist in the first group of sketches that are included in this volume. Teodoro the Sage is a blundering, bespectacled little brother of Zarathustra. He brings the manner of the philosophy lecture room to his intercourse with the man in the street. The casual reader will find these contacts highly amusing unless he chance to be stirred to thought. Lucatelli's humor is two-edged; it slits our mouths into grins while it slashes our foibles to ribbons. When Teodoro philosophizes himself to death other characters appear upon the scene. Petty clerks, tradesmen, beggars, thieves, prostitutes, artists, rich wives, politicians—as human a collection as ever walked through the pages of a long novel, here caught in a gesture and pictured in vivid flashes. Morris Bishop is the translator and has performed his duty with intelligent artistry.

So much for the clarity of Lucatelli's vision and the vigor of his pen; what remains is the guile of the artist. In his triple distillation of the liquor of life the last drop will give a fillip to a palate that is dulled by literary craft. The author's so-called "surprise endings" seem, when we have reached them, as natural as the tang to the lees of the bottle, and as exhilarating to our brain—if our palates do not continue to crave the sweetish concoctions of the romanticists.

HOWARD IRVING YOUNG

Is There a Cure?

The Malady of Europe. By M. E. Ravage. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE malady of Europe, as Mr. Ravage sees it, has two pathogenic causes. The primary cause originates in the remnants of the "bellum omnium contra omnes" ideology of the Middle Age, institutionalized in the European foreign offices whose spirit pervades all the doings of present-day Europe. It is this foreign-office spirit which tears asunder the economical and political unity of the European continent by antagonizing nations, classes, and religions, with no other aim in view than to demonstrate the necessity of the existence of the antiquated system of the foreign offices. The secondary cause of the malady of Europe is the mental depression of the patient who is living in an atmosphere of artificially manufactured hatred and distrust. Nature made Europe a single country, Mr. Ravage asserts, with a multitude of provinces, languages, and creeds. Unless the command of nature is complied with and Europe becomes "international minded" there is no hope for the recovery of its civilization. To make the term "international minded" more palatable for the American reader the author repeatedly declares that "internationalism" is the European equivalent of Americanism.

When analyzing the symptoms of the malady the author finds that although Prussian militarism had been defeated the Prus-

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sian idea had triumphed gloriously. He does not see any distinction between reparation and indemnity in the sense the former term is used in the Treaty of Versailles, which he considers as the greatest crime of the age. He insists that as long as the Treaty of Versailles is not abrogated Germany is absolved from her obligations which she assumed under duress. Mr. Ravage is pessimistic about the League of Nations as it is constituted today and avers that if it is given real power it would be nothing short of a centralized system of foreign offices possessing the accumulated vices of its members. He is strongly convinced that the present League of Nations supplied with "teeth" would be the greatest menace to the surviving democratic forces of the world.

The cure the author suggests is the internationalization of Europe, as the ultimate end. As first step in this direction he urges the abrogation of the Treaty of Versailles. He blames France for misappropriating the funds collected as reparations by subsidizing the Russian counter-revolutionary armies instead of building up her devastated northern territories. He offers as a solution of the reparation problem the taking over by America of the reparation burden. For the amount that will be found as just reparation treasury bonds should be issued "under the guaranty of the United States Government." With this money America should rebuild the devastated areas with the advice and cooperation of the states concerned. The reparation debt should be apportioned by a new peace conference. The amounts America advances for reparation purposes should be considered as a loan. But, by all means, America, who wields a tremendous influence in the council of the nations, has to step in and to help disentangle the European imbroglio unless she wants to be entangled in a new world complication.

The dramatic treatment of the topic and the axiomatic remarks of the author furnish the reader with easily digestible aphorisms which while recapitulating the essence of a whole chapter in a few words have another advantage in that they can be stored up easily in the memory for future reference.

EMIL LENGYEL

General Dawes and the Budget

The First Year of the Budget of the United States. By Charles G. Dawes. Harper and Brothers. $6.

TO any man not too deeply impressed with the importance of being earnest that profane and redoubtable military and civic hero General Charles G. Dawes is bound to be an "amoosin' cuss," and his treatise on "The First Year of the Budget of the United States" an entertaining book. The doughty General kept a diary during that fateful year in Washington, wherein he set down for the edification of God and his own soul a record of the things he did and some of the things he thought he thought. Here are two hundred and forty pages of these modest notes, showing how I got up one morning after sleeping in General Pershing's apartment, saved eight millions immediately after breakfast, lunched with our great President, then coordinated another ten millions out of existence, and rounded out a perfect day by showing a reluctant Congress how I was going to save three hundred and fifty millions this year.

These notes are followed by one hundred and sixty pages of detailed economies effected by the Government under my direction, beginning with oil and washers, of a fair value of 25 cents and a forced sale value of 11 cents, transferred by the Emergency Fleet Corporation to the Public Printer at an estimated (not to say demonstrated) saving of 14 cents to Uncle Sam, who unfortunately is no longer rich enough to give us all a farm. The General's admiration of our late President brays from every page: "I have sometimes been fearful that I would find something disappointing eventually about the present Chief Executive as a business chief. I am now convinced that I will never find anything even as to detail." A scarcely less fulsome tribute to Mrs. Harding is set down "in the hope that she, with others, may some time read this." Now manifestly a passage like this was intended to see the light only after the writer had been gathered to his fathers. We are therefore forced to a horrid suspicion that the reputable firm of Harper & Brothers have stolen this manuscript from the safe deposit vaults of the Central Trust Company under the very eye of the watchful General and his subordinates. Or was it General Dawes, after all, and not Chauncey Depew, who dedicated his own statue at Peekskill a few years since? Making all deductions, the book has value as a record of activities rather than ideas, as a picture of an active business man of a type unfortunately not too rare, and as a collection of documents, largely unimportant ones, dealing with the installation of a more business-like system of handling the affairs of the Federal Government, but chiefly as a first-aid package to those who have forgotten how to smile in a world of income taxes and business-political "bunk."

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

A Successful American

A Man from Maine. By Edward W. Bok. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

NOT satisfied with exploiting his own success, Edward W. Bok has now given to the world the life story of his father-in-law, Cyrus H. K. Curtis. That is, he has strung together as his fancy dictated, events and anecdotes concerning the life of the president of the Curtis Publishing Company with slight regard for sequence or importance. "A Man from Maine" has no more value as a biography than Judge Gary's account of a steel strike would have as history. And, saying nothing of what Mr. Bok has omitted, the facts he does give frequently contradict statements he makes and tries to prove. For instance, Mr. Bok says all young men have as good a chance to make millions as Mr. Curtis had, because Mr. Curtis had no special advantages such as having money lent him. True, no one lent him money until he needed it badly; in fact, had to have it to succeed, but then F. Wayland Ayer came to the rescue with two hundred thousand dollars' credit with his own firm and guaranteed Mr. Curtis's notes for one hundred thousand with his paper makers. Three hundred thousand dollars' credit would almost seem to be a special advantage. But what can one expect? "A Man from Maine" is family and company propaganda with some Pollyanna philosophizing thrown in.

EUGENIA KETTERLINUS

A Romantic View of China

The Charm of the Middle Kingdom. By James Reid Marsh. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

THE writer of "The Charm of the Middle Kingdom" resided for some two years in China as a member of staff of the Chinese Customs Service. He began his acquaintance with China at Mukden in Manchuria, was later transferred to Tientsin, and still later to the frontier of Yunnan in the extreme south. He relates his impressions and experiences in a vivid and charming manner. He has caught into words many characteristic aspects of the daily panorama of Chinese life. His descriptions of things seen with the eye are exceedingly good. His language at times rises to sheer poetry. But his very gifts of colorful writing and artistic imagination seem to betray him into a "fine writing" not always in place. With regard to his personal share in his experiences he is an incorrigible dramatizer. One comes therefore to feel that considerable fancy has become attached to fact in the accounts of his romantic passages with Chinese ladies, the constant possibility of which seems to be the chief element in the charm which the Middle Kingdom holds for the author. The inevitableness with which he perceives that every Chinese lady he meets is beautiful, nimble of intellect beyond her male country-

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man, and withal is coquetting out of the corner of her eye with him, leads to the suspicion that the writer has something like a complex on the question.

Plainly the author's poetic temperament is not balanced by an instinct for facts. He gives marvelous new translations of the meanings of the well-known names, Fengtien (Mukden), Tientsin, and Peking, none of which can be borne out by the dictionary significance of the ideograms. The samples of Chinese conversation in his narrative contain egregious blunders. These indications by the wayside, together with the absence of a nice modesty with reference to what he tells of his own doings or the display of his rapidly acquired knowledge of things Chinese, warn us not to look to this work for authoritative information.

Rather let the reader take up this book as he would a novel with generous local color, or the sketches of a traveler, and he will not be disappointed. Indeed in all likelihood he will be captivated by its interest. Further, the book abounds in excellent photographic illustrations. But when he is done, by all odds let him turn to such a book as that of Bertrand Russell by which he can be helped into a real understanding of China.

LYMAN V. CADY

Books in Brief

Rider's New York City. A guide-book for travelers with 13 maps and 20 plans. Compiled under the general editorship of Fremont Rider by Frederic Taber Cooper and others. Second edition. Henry Holt and Company. $4.50.

Rider's Washington. A guide-book for travelers with 3 maps and 22 plans. Compiled under the general editorship of Fremont Rider by Frederic Taber Cooper. Henry Holt and Company. $2.75.

Rider's Bermuda. A guide-book for travelers with 4 maps. Compiled under the general editorship of Fremont Rider by Frederic Taber Cooper. Henry Holt and Company. $1.90.

These are authoritative, well-arranged compendiums for the ambitious "sightseer," offering suggested itineraries based on many facts and figures, telling him where to eat, sleep, shop, or have a sudden toothache treated. Without puffs, pictures, or padding, these guides aim to give every scrap of information which the tourist may legitimately require. The returned traveler of taciturn tendencies may save himself breath by silently handing out a Rider to the "Now-Tell-Us-About-Its" who crowd around. For those who refuse to "sight-see" as a matter of principle but are historically minded, a Rider's Guide is still treasure trove with its fascinating glimpses of Old New York, of the Brooklyn Heights of Walt Whitman and Henry Ward Beecher, of the "embryo Capital" satirized by Tom Moore, and of the islands, now famous but long of evil repute, where was born the first child of the John Rolfe who later married Pocahontas. The present edition of the first volume has been practically rewritten since the first edition put out before the war, the second volume is offered as a "sincere tribute to the capital city" of the land; while the third volume is a labor of love prepared by an editor who hopes one day to retreat to Bermuda.

Things Remembered. Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy's "Things Remembered" will probably be read aloud next winter in many placid reading clubs and sewing circles. It is the perfect volume of reminiscences for such a purpose, abounding with anecdotes, with trivialities concerning monarchs and diplomats, and humor too often bordering on the facetious. If Mr. Hardy remembers as the highlights of his years in Persia, Greece, Rumania, Switzerland, and Spain his Persian chef's ideographic accounts, the golf course at Athens, or the splendors of the Palacio Real, he is perhaps only giving us a subtle comment on the general insignificance of the minor diplomatic career.

Music

De Pachmann Solves Some Enigmas

LET me confess it now. I called on De Pachmann for an interview, and he gave me a piano lesson. I also, I am ashamed to say, went to laugh, and I stayed, instead, to weep. But De Pachmann played to me, and the beauty he evoked was too rare and, perhaps, too sudden for my nerves. At any rate, he saw, and understood, and played even more divinely, if possible. But I am beginning at the end instead of at the introduction. That, to be perfectly accurate, took place in the hotel corridor outside the master's door and across, not a cup of tea, but a well-filled laundry bag and its custodian, the latter a very earnest and excited little colored girl. After De Pachmann had, with equal earnestness and excitement, disposed of both, I expected him to rush back and do what I had heard him do at a concert many years ago in the South. Justly indignant with an audience which had insisted upon more encores when the concert was virtually ended, he had turned angrily to the Negro janitor who had had to reopen the piano, and had said to him, quite loudly: "I play this piece for you." Whereupon, he had sat down at the keyboard, and dashed off Chopin's famous "Etude on the Black Keys"!

Nothing so enchanting occurred this time, however. He sat down again, it is true, but in a comfortable chair, not on a stool; and mopping his brow, heaved a long and weary sigh. He was, indeed, very tired, for he had been giving interviews all afternoon. And as I had come at the tail end of the day, I found that to gain his interest I had to expand on the relative merits of *The Nation* and those of *Musical America*, the *Musical Digest*, and all the other worthy journals that had already preceded me in the quest.

As luck would have it, I happened upon the one topic that is of vital interest to him at present, and that is his "new method." The accounts I had read of it had left me somewhat puzzled. For in them he claimed to have discovered a wonderful new way of playing with stiff wrists, which, while it necessitated an entire revision of fingering, left him practically untired at the end of a long program. Now, it is perfectly possible that a virtuoso's wrists, no matter how great their suppleness, may gradually stiffen as he approaches his seventies. But it is not at all possible for anyone, young or old, to play through a program with absolutely stiff wrists and not feel the physical strain. And so, to clear up the mystery, I asked De Pachmann. His distress was painful to see.

"They don't understand me, they don't understand me," he cried in despair. "Of course I do not play with stiff wrists. I hold my arms and hands so"—stretching his arms at right angles, with his hands on a straight line with the wrists, "never so"—turning in his wrists—"for then there is immediately a strain. But my wrists are loose and my arms. Feel them." I did so, and found it was true. They both had all the relaxation essential to perfect tone.

Then he went on. "There are five things to remember about my method: (1) Health to the body; (2) lack of fatigue; (3) straight wrists; (4) beauty of hands; (5) tranquillity. No moving about so and so"—twisting his body about as many pianists do.

"See how beautiful the hands are this way," he continued, "how Raphaelesque. A great French artist told me mine were even more beautiful than Raphael's. Of course, I have had to refinger everything. But the tone! I tell you, before, I was like a student. I was like all the other pianists. I had a nervous tone. Only Liszt did not have a nervous tone. That was because he had long arms."

"Is that why," I interrupted, "you do not like other pianists?"

"Yes," he said, "and I do not like their banging. They try to make the piano sound like an orchestra. And the piano is not an orchestra, it is a piano forte." "Why," I asked, "do you think

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Godowsky is the greatest living composer?" "Because his counterpoint surpasses that of Bach. And, besides, he has discovered an entirely new harmony, and a new technic that is wonderful." And then he spoke touchingly of his friend, who recently underwent an operation. "I really came over here more to see him than to play. I tell you, he is the greatest living composer. Nobody really knows him. You see, there are six great composers, different in style, of course, but equal in genius. They are: Schubert, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Brahms, and—Godowsky. Behind them, you may put, though just for a few things, Liszt and Grieg."

"But what about Bach?" I protested.

"Bach," he replied, "Bach, Mozart, and Weber should never be played in concert. They are too old. They are for students, not for the public. They are for people like us"—striking his breast. "And, besides," he went on, "Bach did not write for our piano. I know that Liszt and Busoni and others have arranged some of his things. But how dare anyone arrange Bach or Beethoven? How dare anyone change even one note?"

"Then all the others between Brahms and Godowsky, like Debussy, for instance"—

"Trash," he answered, *emphatically*. "Mr. What-you-call-him, Debussy? Trash, I tell you, trash."

He lives in a world of his own, and knows no other worlds; no other composers than those who serve his needs; no other pianists than those who fulfil his ideals. Worshiping beauty in the absolute, he compromises with no one, not even with himself. "If I should make an ugly tone," he said, "I would shut down the piano." Knowing no other law than that of genius, he does not hesitate to pass sentence on himself. "Before I discovered my new method," he declared, "I played like a pig. Now I play like a god."

And he proved it to me. "Come over to the piano," he called, "and I will show you what I do. First, I play scales, like this, for sixteen minutes every morning. No one can play scales as I do." And no one can! "Then," he continued, "I practice Godowsky, for technic. Every morning I give to Godowsky. Perhaps, too, a few octave studies of Joseffy for legato." Here his fingers melted in some octaves. "And now, listen to this, and look at my fingers. My tone is like velvet, hein? My fingering is colossal, *nicht wahr?* Liszt told me that he wished Chopin could hear me, I played his Nocturnes so beautifully. He also told me that not even Rubinstein had as beautiful a tone as I. Liszt was then seventy-three, about my age now," he added parenthetically, "and I was a boy of thirty-four or five. But I can play some of his things now even better than he could." And again, to prove his words, De Pachmann played me some Chopin, a few snatches of Liszt, and a shred of a Brahms waltz. And it was then I was guilty of tears. Not the first time, I admit, at a piano lesson, but the first time for such a cause. The action of his fingers, both from a mechanical and mental standpoint, would have been "colossal" for anyone whose fingers had always been trained that way for the music. But to adapt one's entire repertoire, as De Pachmann has done, to a new fingering and technic, after playing another way for sixty years, is an unparalelled *tour de force* in virtuosity. In spite of his ripe maturity, his medium of expression has grown more exquisite with his art.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Jog-Trot

MR. A. H. WOODS, I am informed, picked up trunkfuls of German manuscripts. One such manuscript by Arnold and Bach he evidently handed to Mr. John Emerson and Miss Anita Loos who made an American play of it and did their job with considerable deftness, good sense, and feeling for character. Satire of *Kleinstädterei* has always been a solid basis of German comedy of the lower order. And since this is the exact counterpart of the Main Street motive, the adapters could quite naturally transfer the scene to Toledo, Ohio. The result is "The Whole Town's Talking" (Bijou Theater), a sufficiently diverting little play full of concrete and natural touches that illustrate well a thoroughly explored section of the American scene and are embodied with easy skill in the acting of James Bradbury and Grant Mitchell. This account of the play is true enough and just enough. Yet it is necessary to add that the whole thing is utterly unimportant, that it has been done a thousand times from China to Peru, and leaves you with the final impression that, as there is nothing so thrilling as art that has distinction and power, so there is nothing so negligible as art that has neither.

Hence I hoped for something refreshing from the producing managership of Mr. Walter Hampden. I thought it possible, moreover, that Mr. A. E. Thomas might some day again try to write a play of serious workmanship whether in a realistic or a romantic mood. "The Jolly Roger" (National Theater) is not such a play. It is the dramatization of a second-rate kind of "Treasure Island" with a semi-Elizabethan and, finally, semi-Shavian love interest thrown in. The make-up of the pirates is superb. But it remains make-up. Everything is and remains make-up. During five minutes of the last act the play becomes intelligent. It is far too late. Stevenson used to call this sort of thing "toshery." It is feeble in books. It is dishearteningly feeble on the stage. Mr. Pedro de Cordoba's violent efforts conceal neither the fable's lifelessness nor his own; Miss Carroll McComas is comely and appealing. But that is the virtue of neither the play nor the production.

I anticipated a gayer moment at the Théâtre de la Chauve Souris which is back from triumphs in Paris and Berlin and, if one is to credit the astute Balieff, the ultimate isles of the sea. Alas, that brightness seemed tarnished too. The program was old and seemed a little stale. One cannot rejoice forever in either the Wooden Soldiers or Katinka. I was glad to see again the parody of Italian opera. It is the perfection of parody. It is neither gross nor obvious. The music is almost as good as second-rate Italian operatic writing. The comic emphasis upon the rhetorical mood and form of that absurdly overestimated kind of art is never too heavy. Thus this number gives one a subtle and precise sort of pleasure. Like all first-rate parody it is astonishingly good criticism. Other numbers illustrated once more the lovely perfection in the execution of elegant trifles which is characteristic of the Bat Theater. But upon this return engagement what one felt was that these things are, after all, but trifles which would have left a happier memory had they been less noisily "boosted" and more sparingly presented.

And so I come to "Poppy" (Apollo Theater), a mere musical comedy, in itself neither very musical nor very comic, but lifted quite above itself by the presence in the cast of Mr. W. C. Fields. Grave aestheticians rave about Charlie Chaplin. I have always thought there was more than a touch of affectation, of the gracious unbending of the professional highbrow in these raptures. Well, give me the admirable Fields. He is one of the deftest jugglers in the world. His tricks are amazing. His speed, lightness, and precision take your breath away. In addition he is a comedian. He is quiet; he uses no great effort; he never makes you feel that he is saying to himself: "Confound you, laugh!" This is a common vice of broad comedians. Mr. Fields's execution is delicate and a matter, often, almost of understatement. His expression is marvelous. He is Micawber with a touch of Barnum. He is the most delicious scoundrel imaginable. He is the astute medicine man, fakir, confidence man of the ages. Out of juggling and slap-stick material and burlesque make-up and a few quiet gestures and glances he builds up a character worthy of Mark Twain at his best. Until the real theater begins to function this season I give my applause to this gorgeous clown.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Where Mexico Stands

IN view of the current discussions in the press regarding the exact nature of the agreement reached by Mexico and the United States, it is interesting to recall President Obregon's statement of the Mexican position, published in that country on August 17, in which he specifically denies making any sacrifices for the purpose of securing recognition. Nothing more than brief summaries of the statement appeared in the press of the United States; the full text follows:

The work of the Mexican-American Commission, constituted by the Hon. Mr. Charles B. Warren and the Hon. Mr. John B. Payne, as representatives of the President of the United States, and Mr. Ramon Ross and Mr. Fernando Gonzales Roa as my own representatives in my capacity of President of Mexico, having been concluded, it is now my duty to inform the country regarding the manner in which that work was carried out, and its significance. To that end I wish to make the following statements:

1. The work of the Mexican-American Commission, which was begun on May 14 and ended August 15, was confined, in accordance with the preliminary negotiations, to a direct exchange of views and information regarding the difficulties which up to the present time have been an obstacle to the resumption of diplomatic relations between the two governments.

2. The Mexican commissioners, after hearing the American point of view in every case, but without entering into any discussion intended to modify our present laws, offered explanations of those parts of our laws relating to American interests in Mexico in connection with the oil and the agrarian questions only; and they also explained the manner in which the present Government, in pursuance of its original policy, has been endeavoring to conciliate with the principles of international law the revolutionary ideals now embodied in our laws.

3. In addition, the Mexican commissioners confirmed the intention of this Government to conclude two conventions for the creation of mixed claims commissions.

This intention was communicated to the Embassy of the United States by our Chancellery in an informal note dated November 19, 1921, and to Congress in my message of September 12, 1922.

Regarding the first of these conventions, our Chancellery, on July 12, 1921, addressed an invitation to all the governments whose nationals had suffered damage in their persons or in their properties through the last revolution in Mexico, and that invitation was based on Article 3 of the decree of May 10, 1913, issued by the First Chief of the Constitutionalist Army, Mr. Venustiano Carranza, and on Article 13, amended, of the law of December 24, 1917.

The object of that first convention would be to create a mixed commission to examine, from the point of view of equity, all the claims which citizens of the United States might have against the Mexican Government for damages arising out of the revolution.

The second convention, having a more general jurisdiction and being of a reciprocal character, was intended to create a mixed claim commission to decide, in accordance with the rules of international law, unsettled claims of citizens of either country against the government of the other country, for acts having taken place since the signing of the convention concluded July 4, 1868, but excluding, of course, those acts falling within the jurisdiction of the first convention mentioned.

4. The conventions referred to will be concluded if the two governments decide to resume diplomatic relations.

5. If the normalization of these relations follows the termination of the Mexican-American conference, such result will not be due to any obligations contracted, nor to any agreements which may have been entered into for the purpose of resuming diplomatic relations, nor to anything that might contravene our laws or the rules of international law, or injure the dignity or the sovereignty of our nation.

Such a happy event should be attributed, as far as these conferences are concerned, to the ability and patriotism of our own commissioners to explain, and to the generous broad-mindedness, free from any unwise prejudices, of the eminent American commissioners to understand the fundamental problem that Mexicao is now facing, namely, the economic and moral betterment of the people in harmony with the development of foreign interests invested in the country, a problem which can only be solved, within the present national possibilities, through a complete realization of the political and social program of the present Government.

I am pleased, finally, to be able to state that the good-will shown by the four commissioners, which but reflects the good-will so frequently shown by the two neighboring countries in so many various ways, made it possible for the commission to carry out its work in a spirit of uninterrupted and friendly cordiality.

Mexico, D. F., August 17, 1923 A. OBREGON,
The President of the Republic

"Fascistization" of Italian Press

AVANTI of June 19 contains an article on the Italian press in which it is said:

Genoa also is to have its Fascist daily. . . . The greatest seaport in the country is too much under the sway of the existing order to have any independent papers. A glance at the *Secolo XIX*, the *Caffaro*, the *Cittadino*, and the *Corriere Mercantile* is sufficient to show what opinions and what programs are expressed in these sheets, which are controlled by the Perrone brothers, the Transatlantic, the sugar interests, and the Piaggio Company. . . . The new Fascist daily is to be called the *Giornale di Genova*, and is the result of a disagreement among certain factions of Fascism in Genoa and of a skirmish between the Seamen's Federation, D'Annunzio, and the Shipowners' Federation.

After the "Duke" took hold of the government, and the subsequent signature of the marine agreement, news spread of the imminent appearance of a paper edited by Giuseppe Mastromattei, a high official in the militia and a man whose cordial relations with Mussolini and Giulietti were a matter of common knowledge. The new daily was to be called *Il Mare d'Italia*, and under the guidance of D'Annunzio was to carry on a special campaign in the interests of the sea workers.

Everything was ready. . . . But a warning came from the direction of the shipping interests of the danger of such a Fascist seamen's organ, and the shipowners, taking advantage of the disagreement between Giuseppe Mastromattei and the leaders of the Genoa Fascio, succeeded at the last moment in wrecking the *Mare d'Italia*. . . . Mastromattei was rescued from the wreckage and transferred to Rome, to the high office of Vice-Emigration Commissioner, while the shipowners worked out their plans, which are now an accomplished fact. . . .

The editors of the *Giornale di Genova* are to be Lantini and Pala. The former is a member of the Fascist Council, and the latter is provincial fiduciary. And an editor-in-chief is to be imported from Rome. . . .

Genoa, as everyone knows, is the seat of the most powerful shipping companies, as well as of the sugar interests and high finance, which accounts for the fact that the government, in its attempt to "Fascistize" the Italian press, has picked out Genoa as a base.

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We have in fact been informed of a huge journalistic trust, with a capital of about 35 millions, which is planning to take over the following papers: *Resto del Carlino*, Bologna; *Secolo*, Milan (already accomplished); *Idea Nazionale* and *Impero*, Rome; and *Giornale della Sera*, Naples. A product of this trust is *Il Corriere Italiano*, the new big daily of Aldo Finzi, Under-Secretary of Domestic Affairs, which will appear within a few days in Rome. The *Corriere Italiano*, which will represent primarily the big banking and sugar interests, is to have editorial offices for Liguria and possibly northern Italy, with headquarters at Genoa, managed by Corrado Marchi, the well-known journalist, now editor-in-chief of the *Corriere Mercantile*.

In Rome the *Epoca* and the *Nuovo Paese* are to be suppressed, and, since the *Mondo* is too disturbing an element for the reconstruction government, every attempt is being made to kill it. It is said that this task is intrusted to Tommaso Monicelli, and is to be accomplished with the millions of Senator Agnelli of Turin, who is furnishing the editor of the *Giornale di Roma* with funds for the purchase of its printing press. Thus, with all troublesome voices reduced to silence, Italy will be "Fascistized" even in the journalistic field; and then who will dare to say that might does not make right?

Wrangel Island

THE discovery of the tragic death of the four young Canadians who set out to colonize the bleak shores of Wrangel Island has distracted public attention from the conflicting claims to the ownership of that Arctic territory. Harold Noice, commander of the Wrangel Island Relief Expedition, discovered on the shore a monument containing a proclamation left by the dead explorers, declaring the island to be the possession of Great Britain. This position is in direct conflict with the claims of Russia as set forth in the following note addressed by Foreign Minister Chicherin to the British Agent in Moscow. It is interesting to note that several American authorities claim that the island belongs to the United States, on the ground that the first person actually to land was an American named Hooper, in 1881.

In connection with reports in British newspapers to the effect that an expedition led by Mr. Vilhjalmar Stefansson had raised the British flag on Russian territory, to wit, on the Isle of Wrangel in the Arctic Ocean, the Government of the Russian Federal Soviet Republic addressed itself to the British Government in a note of May 24, 1923, asking to be informed as to whether this act had taken place with the knowledge and sanction of the British Government.

To this inquiry no reply has been forthcoming. Likewise there has been no reply from the British Government to a second note communicated by the Russian Government to the British Government on May 28, 1923, after the receipt by the Russian Government of additional information intimating that Mr. Stefansson in raising the British flag on the Isle of Wrangel acted in the capacity of an agent of the Government of the Dominion of Canada.

The Government of the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics, being wholly unable to understand the absence of the requested explanations, and having in the meantime learned that new expeditions are being planned by British subjects to the Isle of Wrangel, finds it necessary again to state that it regards the Isle of Wrangel as an integral part of the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics.

The Isle of Wrangel was officially incorporated as Russian territory, and the Russian flag raised thereon, by an expedition organized by the Russian Government and led by Lieutenant Wrangel, in 1821-24. Russian sovereign rights to the island have never been questioned by any other government, and it

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has been generally looked upon as Russian territory. This position is taken by British official sources as well, so, for instance, the British official publication "The Arctic Pilot" (vol. I, 3rd edition, 1918) admits that the Isle of Wrangel was discovered by a Russian expedition. It may also be noted that all geographic maps, including the British "Phillip's New General Atlas" (1921 edition), put down the Isle of Wrangel as Russian territory.

In the year 1910 the Russian Hydrographic Arctic Expedition, under the command of Vilkitsky, made measurements around the island, and built thereon an iron navigation pyramid for the guidance of ships seeking entrance to the southwest part of the island, this pyramid being the first and only erection on the island. Thus the Russian Government took concrete steps to assert its rights and its duties as the possessor of the territory.

Finally, in September, 1916, the Russian Government formally notified all the Allied and neutral governments that the Isle of Wrangel, together with other islands and territories adjoining the coast of Siberia, constituted an integral part of Russian territory. This notification elicited no objections on the part of any of the governments so addressed, including the British Government.

Therefore the Federal Government is compelled to notify the British Government that it regards the raising of the British flag on the Isle of Wrangel as a violation of Russian sovereign rights.

A Tip to Americans

THE Berlin office of the American Express Company is distributing a card among American visitors which reads as follows:

You are a tourist to be here a few days or weeks. Take a tip from one who has been here several months.

You are dwelling among people who have suffered nine years of war, at first military and now industrial. They are a sensitive, cultured people, on the whole as highly civilized as any nation on earth. You should not be surprised if one of them occasionally is out of temper with foreigners.

It is only fair to remember that Berlin is their city and Germany their country, you and I only pilgrims. The streets, parks, concert-halls, restaurants belong to them, and we would show good taste if we gave right of way to them.

As we eat a dollar meal for twenty cents, or listen to a dollar concert for ten cents, remember we are always getting more than our money's worth.

A tip to the wise is sufficient, and what is said applies to all tourists who read English, as well as to Americans.

Of course, Unter den Linden is not a gauge of the distress of the poor of Berlin, nor Friedrichstrasse a gauge of the social morality of the people.

Finally, you know that, if you do not like things here or the people, it is easy to find a train going to the boundary line, and fares are low. A little consideration, however, will prove to be the key to the goodwill of the people, who are courteous and warmhearted, and a good old American smile is better currency even than the dollar.

AN AMERICAN (FROM 1630 A.D.)

From the Young Friends

THE general conference of Young Friends held at Richmond, Indiana, July 27-August 6, sent the following message to the youth of Austria and Germany:

In renewed realization of the physical suffering and spiritual loneliness of the young people of Germany and Austria we have desired to uphold their courage in the search for "that life which takes away occasion of all wars." We ask all men to join us in this expression of comradeship in our common task.

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To the youth of Germany and Austria:

In the splendid fellowship of the Fourteenth Annual Conference of Young Friends of America our hearts have been drawn to you. As we have met day after day with representatives of the youth of England and Germany and with those of widely differing thought among our own people we have come to an overwhelming consciousness of the underlying unity of the human race.

The clouds which darkened our minds during the war period are breaking away and we see how impossible it is to judge men in groups. We are convinced that every nation has sinned grievously and our pride in America is humbled when we think of our share in the misunderstanding and suspicion. At the same time there are those in every group who are seeking untiringly to build a world of love and truth.

We have heard from one of your number of your dauntless faith in spite of hunger, loneliness, and disillusionment. Our problems are not your problems, but we join you in seeking through mutual fellowship the path of love. We believe with you that only in the earnest expression of love in the life of each individual, that love supremely manifested in the life of Jesus, can a new world of right and brotherhood be born.

Signed on behalf of the Fourteenth Annual Young Friends (Quakers) General Conference, Richmond, Indiana, July 27 to August 6, 1923.

CHESTER L. REAGAN, Chairman

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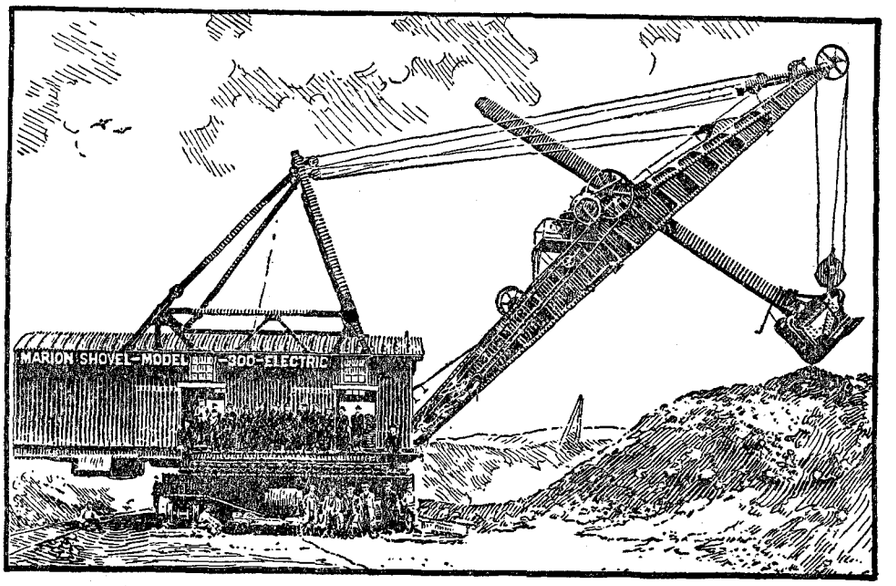

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In next week's issue of *The Nation* Hungry Souls, a story by Thomas Mann, one of Germany's leading novelists.

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